

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

(THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.)

No. LXXI.—VOL. III.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

PRICE TWOPENCE.  
STAMPED, 3d.

## THE VISIT OF THE COURT OF OUDE.

THERE is something in the accounts we hear of the doings of the Oude family in England, which is at once ludicrous and picturesque. Englishmen are famous for their insularity; but if they are slow at catching other people's point of view, they have an old-established taste for a show. You are apt to think they mean to sympathise, when they only want to stare. And was there ever a spectacle more likely to be stared at than that at Southampton the other day? A bit of Oriental life is suddenly transported into a country town; a mysterious old woman is escorted with secrecy and splendour, at the same time, to her hotel, surrounded by a grotesque and gaudy crowd of eunuchs, princes, barbers, moonshees, and other figures, which one associates with the "Arabian Nights." The obvious command of money has itself a charm for the British mind, as we all know; then, a person with a grievance has a chance of attention in a country where to expose grievances and grumble about them, makes up half the politics. But, after all, the associations are more comic than anything else. The romance of an appeal, by the Queen of an ancient eastern dynasty, to the Queen of an ancient northern one, vanishes when we reflect that this line of Oude was founded by a Persian adventurer in the last century; and the splendour of the upholstery will soon lose its power when it ceases to be novel. The visit will draw the public attention more vividly than has ever been done to general Indian questions; but that it will change the policy of which the annexation of Oude was a part,—that it will really do for the Oude family what they fancy,—we do not for a moment believe.

The English people do not take much interest in Indian questions, but if there is anything they really care about in the matter, it is the extension of English power. Given Hindostan as a field of action, where is that power to stop? How does the case of Oude differ from that of other kingdoms, which, in the course of time, we have absorbed by force?—for it is force that has settled the affair, no doubt, only that we believe it is one of those instances in which moral and physical force are identical. The philosophy of these matters is little known in England; and, from its unsettled state,

an act like the annexation of Oude provokes the most various and conflicting discussions.

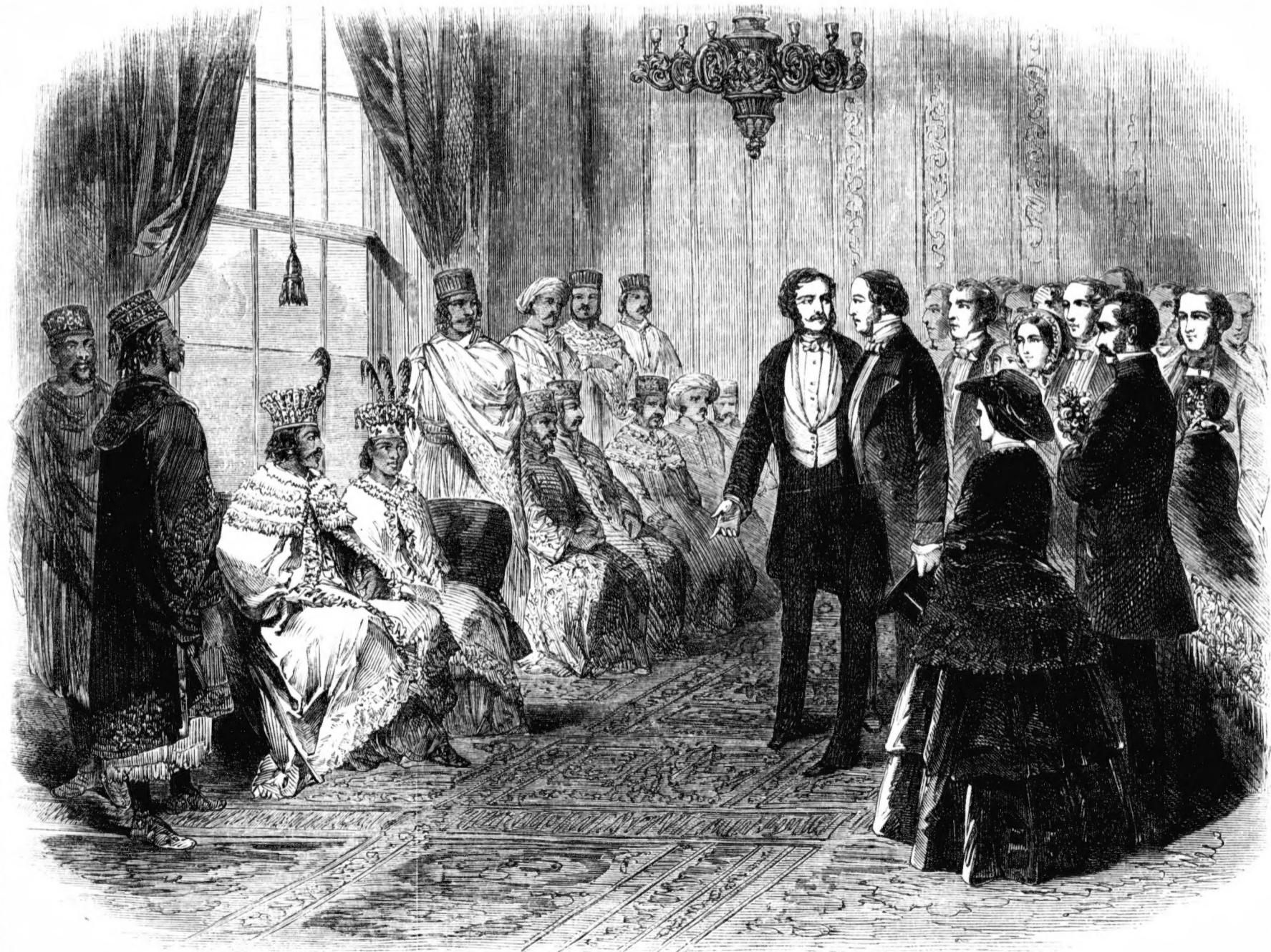
For example, one class of writers tells us incessantly that it is a case of mere conquest, and that Russia might with equal justice take the Principalities. But the pith of the difference is, that, by annexing Oude, we do not disturb the balance of Europe. A further extension of Russia would peril the interests of the most civilised parts of the world. Here is no analogy with the case of the Indian Kingdom. Again, the punishment in the Oude case falls not on the people of Oude, but only on the royal family. The people change masters, but the new ones they get are not mere conquerors, but stand higher than the last masters in the scale of governing faculty. Oude had become an anomaly, and got into an artificial position. In a country governed by an English system it stood a kind of exceptional part—a parody on the old Oriental kingdoms in contiguity with the new British organisation. Now, if we maintain that the British organisation is good for India *per se*—or, even if we are determined to maintain it whether or no—how avoid its extending itself? It is a logical extension, in fact, flowing from a long series of events; it is as natural that we should abolish the Oude dynasty now, as that we should have made a treaty to maintain it before. Hence, the "East Indians" whom one meets, of all classes, are favourable to the change, from personal knowledge of the country; and hence the natives themselves seem to have acquiesced in the transition without discontent. This last fact is not wonderful to a reader of Heber's "Indian Journal." When the bishop was travelling in that part of India, he had a chat with a native, which may furnish a valuable paragraph:—

"He said, what I could easily believe from all which I saw, that the soil of Oude was 'one of the finest in the world; that everything flourished here which grew either in Bengal or Persia; that they had at once rice, sugar, cotton, and palm-trees, as well as wheat, maize, barley, beans, and oats; that the air was good, the water good, and the grass particularly nourishing to cattle.' but he said, 'The laws are not good, the judges are wicked, the zemindars are worse, the Aumneus worst of all, and the ryots are robbed of everything, and the king will neither see nor hear.'"

Bishop Heber wrote only some thirty and odd years ago; and if our countrymen are to be believed, things which were bad then must have become worse now. So that, however unpleasant it may be to the king, his eunuchs, his barber, and his buffoon, to be turned out of the quarters at Lucknow where they led so jolly (though we fear so improper) a life, we feel sure that the peasants working in the maize fields take the affair in a very different spirit.

Those who oppose our view of this transaction must show how the *status quo* could have permanently lasted. The family has proved itself unfit for governing the country of which it has held the nominal sovereignty. It has constantly got it into a state of anarchy, and been at war with its subjects on account of extortions in taxation. Nor is there anything so monstrously unprecedented in our deposing the monarch. Large cessions of territory have been made to us by the family before, and when it appeared necessary we took the Rohillas away from their yoke, who immediately began to improve in their condition in consequence. But apart from the regular precedents for political interference, and the degraded state of the monarchs personally, it must be remembered that Oude was the only region of the Gangetic plains not under English government. It was consequently a possible seat of danger to our power at any future time. And the princes were not native magnates of ancient standing, but mere modern foreign tyrants, who acquired their province by the sword on the break-up of the old system, and who are only now experiencing a natural vicissitude of fortune.

The reader sees that we regard the annexation of Oude as a political necessity, and as being in the main justifiable. It is another story whether in every detail the family has been well treated, and that question the country will discuss when the case is brought before it. Probably this is the good that the Queen's visit will produce to the deposed house. The English will draw a distinction between the political and private bearings of the case, and support the just rights of the individuals in matters of personal property and revenue. Meanwhile it will be well for the Queen's friends to conduct her claims with good sense and propriety, and we cannot fancy anything more likely to injure them than a repetition of such conduct as that of



LEVEE OF THE PRINCES OF OUDE AT THE YORK HOTEL, SOUTH-MPTON.—(SEE PAGE 165.)

Major Bird while they were at Southampton. Good nature will induce people to look kindly on rank in misfortune but an irregular and indecorous kind of agitation will early attach the stain of ridicule to the cause. Above all, we caution their agents to be careful how they attempt to use corrupt influences in this country. The parade made of jewels and money, and invitations addressed to all the world to "communicate" (we allude to a "Times" advertisement) with the Queen's agents, are symptoms of a disagreeable kind, which, if acted on, will only expose the complainers to being plundered by the lowest and dullest rascals. The country lays claim to a regard for fair play: let these foreigners deserve it by keeping their establishments in good order, and pursuing their objects in a manner creditable to the nation in whose capital they have come to reside.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE Emperor will make a rather long stay at Biarritz. Auditors from the Council of State are to go periodically to Biarritz by order of his Majesty, as they lately did to Plombières, to bring the portfolio of current affairs and submit them for his signature. The Emperor is in excellent health, and bathes in the sea every morning. The Prince Imperial is also in excellent health. He is every day carried out into the Park of Gramont, where he can breathe in the shade the invigorating sea breeze. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria and his young wife are, it is said, expected shortly at Biarritz. The Infanta Amalia is an old friend of the Empress. It is said that she is very pretty and clever.

The French press continues mute on the subject of the accusations brought by Louis Blanc against the civil and military authorities of Cayenne.

Lists of the sentences passed by the Court of Assizes of the Department of the Seine during the months of March and April last have just been posted up in Paris. Among those sentenced to death figure the names of five individuals, named Régnier, Brusin, Caron, Alavoine, and Poisson, all condemned "by default" for attempts against the life of the Emperor. This intelligence caused some consternation, or at least some surprise in the capital, till it was at length announced that these sentences applied to the affairs of the Hippodrome and the Opera Comique in 1853, and not to any more recent affair.

Proceedings were recently inaugurated against four journals which published a letter from the Paris students to those of Turin, on Italian affairs. The proceedings, however, were abandoned. The young men who signed the letter are to be admonished.

It is believed in Paris that the Cabinets of Great Britain and France are not strictly agreed on the Spanish question.

### SPAIN.

THE political situation of Spain, which lately presented but a confused and formless outline, becomes daily more clearly defined. The path of reaction which leads to virtual absolutism is openly entered upon, and even if the present Government be resolved to follow it but up to certain point, there they will find others waiting to relieve them of their burden and pursue it to the end. The suppression of the National Guard, while it has definitely cut off O'Donnell's last chance of support from the Progressists, has encouraged the Moderates to speak out plainly. Their organs in Madrid now openly threaten O'Donnell with dismissal if he dare to halt in the tyrannical course which he has begun.

The country, we learn from various (Ministerial) sources, is perfectly tranquil; but provisions are scarce and exorbitantly dear, and there is incendiarism in the South. As to the real state of the country, and of the feeling of the nation, there are scanty means of knowing, for the press is no longer free. The Liberal papers have declared themselves unable to comment on the decree suppressing the National Guard, the authorities having forbidden the discussion of political questions. It is exactly the same state of things as under Sartorius. Attempts have even been made to silence the Madrid correspondents of foreign journals, and, that having been found impossible, to throw discredit on the intelligence they supply. With respect to the finances, there are already symptoms of embarrassment. Just before Espartero's Government fell there were 100,000,000 reals in the Treasury. The O'Donnell Ministry has just agreed to pay a bonus of £15,000 to the Spanish Bank to hold 60,000,000 reals at their disposal for six months. If the money be used, or any part of it, 5% per cent. interest is to be paid in addition. These are early days for a Government which found the exchequer so flourishing to contemplate the probable necessity of advances.

The marriage of Prince Adalbert and the Infanta Amalia, on the 25th ult., was followed by a splendid banquet, to which more than one hundred distinguished personages were invited. Three of the sisters of the Princess were not invited to the wedding—namely, Donna Josefa, who is married to M. Jose Guel y Rente, a rich merchant of Havannah; Donna Isabella, wife of Count Gurowski, a Polish emigrant; and the Duchess de Sessa, whose husband is a Grandee of Spain. They were excluded from the ceremony because the Royal family considered their marriages beneath the dignity of the Princesses, although, it is added, "in every other respect extremely honourable." The Infanta Amalia is the first princess of this house who has contracted a royal alliance. The marriage contract sets forth that the fortune of the Princess brings her Royal husband is 7,000,000 reals (£1,750,000), and that he is to allow her pin money to the extent of 44,000 florins a year.

### AUSTRIA.

THE manifesto of King Bomba has evidently given great satisfaction to Austria. The Austrian journalists are particularly delighted with what vulgar little boys would call the "cheekiness" of the vulgar little King of Naples towards England. They (the journalists) make much of Bomba's allusion to an empire, and insanely compare the Ireland of 1856 with the Hungary of 1856; the Lombardy of 1856 with the India of 1856.

We get a rather amusing piece of intelligence, dated Vienna, which says, "The Emperor of Austria has offered pardon to the Austrians who enlisted without permission in the Anglo-Italian Legion. Four hundred of these men are about to take advantage of this measure and return to their country." The "pardon" can surely not be any very great favour, considering Austria was our "ally" in the war with Russia (?)

Austria is turning her attention to fortifications after the Cronstadt principle. While of late she was amusing the belligerent Powers with her eternal protocols and sham proposals for peace, she was secretly and zealously erecting a formidable fortress and an immense naval and military arsenal, to command the Adriatic sea. With the exception of Gibraltar, there is not a more impregnable fortress in Europe than Pola—not only from its commanding position, but from the art and science with which it has been constructed. Austria, during the last three years, has spent more than eighteen millions of francs, and, besides the impregnable fortresses at Pola, has constructed three docks, where she is now building and equipping men-of-war. Pola, from its position, commands not only the entrance into the Gulf of Venice, but also that large bay in which Venice is placed. The water to the very shores is so deep that vessels of large burden can approach in safety, and the bay is sheltered from every wind that blows, and so extensive as to harbour an immense fleet. All the neighbouring hills are crowned with immense batteries, having guns of the heaviest calibre; and the numerous islets are turned into forts. To the new fortress all the military and naval stores of the arsenal have been transferred.

### PRUSSIA.

WE are assured that the King of Prussia lately wrote a confidential letter to the King of Naples, in which he prayed him not to run the risk of renewing the war, by persisting in a policy which may excite insurrections and cause the intervention of the Western Powers. It is said that the King did this because it appears that the King of Naples

imagines that Russia and Prussia approve of his political system, and will support him in it, as he is doing a very bad thing.

According to a letter from Berlin, in the "Nord," the erection of fortifications around Berlin is completed. There is no intention, it is said, to surround the Prussian capital like Paris, with a complete line of fortification, but to construct redoubts at such distances from each other round the city, that they will be enabled to cover each other with their fire. Other accounts say that it is the hill which stands in the neighbourhood of Spandau that is to be fortified. It is at Spandau that the principal military arsenals and depots are situated, as well as the manufactory of arms and ammunition.

We are told that, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Louise, which is to take place this month, an amnesty will be granted to all political offenders who are now in confinement. We have lately heard too much of these amnesties—and too plainly behold that they end in nothing.

### RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN news just now is little else than an account of the preparations for the coronation, the rivalries of the ambassadors in matters of expense, the great pains taken by this one to please, and the *malice* of another about the whole affair. All this will be found at length in another column. The only other news of importance is that the Russian Government wishes to submit the question of Serpents' Island occupation to the interpretation of the Great Powers.

### SWEDEN.

THE Swedish Chambers have admitted the desirability of fortifying Stockholm upon a new plan, and of constructing a series of defensive works in the valley of Maeler, on the banks of the river of that name, which communi-cates with the Baltic Sea. They have further voted a sum of money for the necessary preliminary surveys.

Cholera has broken out at Stockholm. The medical men of that capital, who in general believe in the contagious nature of that scourge, are of opinion that the disease was brought from Lubeck by a steamer which had recently arrived from that place, where the cholera prevailed, and which had some persons on board affected by it.

### ITALY.

IN Tuscany the subscription for the 100 guns intended for the new fortifications of Alessandria is proceeding with extraordinary rapidity. The lists are being publicly circulated notwithstanding the efforts of the police. But the Mazzini party has commenced a dangerous rivalry: the "Italia e Popolo" of Genoa, an organ of Mazzini, opens another national subscription for the purchase of ten thousand muskets destined "to reward and to support the efforts of the first Italian province which rises against the common enemy."

The arrival of Baron Hubner at Naples has been incorrectly announced. At the time of the announcement he was enjoying sea-bathing at Venice, and had the intention of starting on the 24th for Dalmatia and Southern Italy.

Much has been said on the authenticity of the analysis recently published of the reply of the King of Naples. If we may believe the information which has just reached us, the version (originally given in the "Cologne Gazette") has rather softened than aggravated its language.

A letter from Naples states that a Muratist proclamation is being spread all over the country with great secrecy and activity.

The retirement of the French troops from Rome, and the Austrians from the Legations, is confidently spoken of in some Italian papers. In this case the duties of the French will be limited to garrisoning Civita Vecchia. Their place at Rome is to be supplied by Swiss troops, which are being constantly enrolled.

The Austrian army in Italy is being diminished on the Swiss frontier and increased on the Piedmontese.

The "Messenger" of Modena publishes a sentence pronounced by the military commission of Massa on eleven persons charged with belonging to a secret society. They are all acquitted on that count, but two of them, one of whom is the curate of Mirteo, are to be delivered up to the ordinary tribunals for having been found in possession of arms and ammunition.

According to popular belief the Eternal City is to boast of the presence of four royal personages this winter, to wit, the Empress-Dowager of All the Russias, Queen Christina of Spain, his Apostolic Majesty the Head of the Church, and finally the Queen of Prussia.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Porte was preparing an expedition against Montenegro.

The journals of Constantinople confirm the intelligence we have already given of the demolition of the fortress and the five barracks of Ismail. Thirteen Russian battalions were engaged in the work of destruction. The Fort of Kilia has also been blown up by the Russians.

Lord Lyons will not quit the Bosphorus till after the complete evacuation of all Turkish territory at present occupied by Russia.

Sir Houston Stewart has gone towards Anapa, and continues to cruise about in the Black Sea.

The Russian Commission for settling the Asiatic boundary has arrived at Tiflis.

The campaign projected by the Russians against the Circassians is indefinitely adjourned.

Feronch-Khan, the Persian Ambassador at Paris, is to proceed to London to terminate the Anglo-Persian dispute, by offering full satisfaction to England on condition that the British Government will recall Mr. Murray.

### AMERICA.

THE intelligence from the United States is of high interest. The Senate and House of Representatives at Washington were openly at issue during the last few hours of the session on a point arising out of the slavery question, and the Members have dispersed, leaving some of the most important supplies unvoted. The House of Representatives refused to pass the Annual Appropriation Bill for the army, unless the Senate would consent to graft upon it a proviso that no part of the money should be applied to the enforcement of the laws enacted by the legislature of Kansas. This resolution caused the loss of the entire bill, and Congress closed its session without making any provision for the support of the army.

Two members of the House of Representatives—McMullen, of Virginia, and Granger, of New York—indulged in a fist fight at Washington. It appears the members were riding together in an omnibus, when a political dispute arose. McMullen seized Granger around the neck, and struck him one or two blows, starting the blood under the eye and ear. A committee of the House had been appointed to investigate the subject and report the facts.

A most disastrous storm has devastated the South. On Las Island alone one hundred and ninety dead bodies have been recovered, and it is now estimated that the loss of life will not fall short of two hundred and fifty people. Considerable damage has also been occasioned at New Orleans, especially to the shipping at the wharves. Reports from the country state that there has been a most terrible destruction of property, to the value, it has been estimated, of five hundred thousand dollars.

The position of Walker in Nicaragua is thus described by the "Panama Star":—"Walker's position is a most precarious one. He has only 1,200 followers—all told—whilst Rivas, who still contends that he is President, is fortifying himself at Canendagua, and has already 3,000 well-armed troops. He has the sympathy of the entire country, except the few Americans who still adhere to Walker, and his countrymen are daily rushing to his standard. Honduras and Guatemala are organising forces to invade Nicaragua and drive Walker from the country; and it is understood that as soon as the dry season resumes—now near at hand—they will make a descent on Nicaragua."

Kansas is still in a very troubled state. Two hundred Free-soilers had attacked the town of Franklin, in Kansas, and after four hours' fighting had retired, carrying off the cannon belonging to the town. The United States troops occupied the town next day. The Free-soilers are stated to have made the important discovery of an organised plan on the part of the pro-slavery men to concentrate men, arms, and ammunition at different points of the territory, for the purpose of making a sudden and general

attack immediately after the adjournment of Congress, and expelling all the Free State settlers. It is stated that twelve fortified block houses have been erected at different pro-slavery points, well supplied with cannon, rifles, and ammunition, and garrisoned principally by Missourians. The attack was made on the 2nd at Franklin by the Free State men for the purpose of seizing the arms deposited there, and they seem to have effected their object. Further disturbances were anticipated.

### INDIA AND CHINA.

THE most exciting news from India refers to the murder of Mr. Horley, an English subject of the Madras Porelancy, and the assassination of a son of the Queen of Bhamo. Mr. Horley was attacked in his house, at night, by three men, and killed without compunction. The unhappy man's servant was aroused by a noise from his master, and saw the men run from the house. The only article of property abstracted was a box containing papers, but no money.

The other affair has much of romance about it. When, two or three years since, a father of the present King of Burma, Tharawaddy, took possession of the throne, he ordered one of his heir apparent and all his children to be put to death; but a servant escaped with the youngest, and concealed him for some years. The young prince subsequently managed to escape to Mehlmein, and thence made his way to Rangoon, living in a very quiet way, and recently took up his residence with one of the principal writers in the Customs department there. On Friday, the 27th, between two and three in the morning, a band of villains proceeded to the house, pounced upon him while asleep, dragged him off his bed, and with a single blow nearly severed his head from his body. The writer, hearing a noise, came out of his room, and was at once cut down, stabbed to the heart, and dreadfully mangled. A third man, in another house, who came to his door, and called out, "Who's there?" received a slash which took away part of his cheek. The ruffians came with blazing torches, and said to each other on reaching the house, "Look well before you cut;" and when the two victims were dead, remarked, "Our work is now done, let us be off, and let the bodies lie there till they stink." They did not carry away the value of a pin, which shows plunder was not their object. The bodies were publicly buried the next day, and one of the largest processions that has ever been seen in Rangoon, followed them to the grave. Thousands upon thousands of both sexes collected on the sad occasion. At the time this person's appearance in Rangoon was noticed by the papers, it was also remarked that had he turned up sooner, being the heir apparent to the throne, our government might have made something of him. These papers found their way to the capital, and it is known created a good deal of excitement among those in power there, and there can be little question that this foul deed was concocted.

With the exception of some petty disturbances at Peshawur, the frontiers of our Indian empire are tranquil. The Governor-General, Lord Canning, has been suffering from sickness, and was about to take a sea voyage as far as the Straits Settlements, for the benefit of change of air.

The ex-King of Oude is still in Calcutta. It is reported that he intends to return to his former capital; but, at all events, there is no doubt that he will await in India the result of his mother and brother's visit on his behalf to Europe.

From China we hear of the existence of much anarchy—repeated defeats of the Imperialist fleets and armies; and it is not unlikely that with the next war we shall have to tell of panics at Shanghai and Canton again. But it is pleasant to hear that the supply of tea is not likely to fall off.

### SOLUTION OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE Central American difficulty is confidently stated to have received a satisfactory solution in a convention and treaty said to have been concluded between Honduras and Great Britain. The leading features of the arrangement are understood to be a grant of the neutrality of the territory to be traversed by the proposed inter-oceanic railway, and the freedom of its ports and ports against our coasts of Ruatan and the other two small islands, in recognition of the equitable claim of the main State upon these dependencies. If the information be correct, the large question, which so recently looked ugly and serious enough, has thus been simply and quietly disposed of, without the ostensible intervention of America.

**A TRAVELLING PALACE.**—The new railway train built by the Orleans Company for the Emperor is composed of five carriages. No 1 forms a dining-room and saloon for the aides-de-camp, with kitchen and dressing-room. No 2 forms a kind of terrace, and is all made of wrought iron polished, and of beautiful workmanship. No 3, which is the state carriage or reception saloon, is surrounded by the Imperial crown; it is composed of an antechamber, with folding sideboards for refreshments. No 4 is the bed-room; it has been very ingeniously divided. It comprises a bed-room for the ladies of honour, bed-rooms for the Emperor and Empress, with a cradle for the Prince Imperial, dressing-rooms, &c. No 5 is a waiting-room for the servants, place for luggage, and also has a cupboard containing every kind of tool that could be required in case of an accident. All these carriages are decorated and furnished with the greatest elegance.

**EXPORT OF COIN FROM FRANCE.**—A Paris journal states that a large business is at present carried on in the export of five-franc pieces, which are now saleable at a premium of three to ten centimes each. A bag of 1,000 francs of the present Emperor is worth 1,005 francs; a ditto of Charles X., 1,010 francs; a ditto of Napoleon I. or Louis XVIII., 1,020 francs. These find their way to London, and it is believed that the greater portion of the silver shipped for India by the Paris consisted of five-franc pieces. This circumstance will account in some measure for the transmission of gold from England to France.

**A MANIAC.**—"Galigani" says:—"The inhabitants of a part of the Faubourg Saint-Martin were the other day alarmed by hearing loud cries proceeding from a room, a window of which was pushed open so violently that several of the panes of glass were broken. Some police agents immediately went up, and on breaking open the door saw a man armed with a large sledge hammer, with which he was preparing to murder his wife and children. He had already aimed one blow at the woman, which she had avoided, and which, falling on the table where their meal was prepared, had shattered everything to pieces. The police officers with great difficulty succeeded in disarming and securing the man. It appears that he had some time since been confined in a madhouse, but had been discharged some months ago as cured, and returned to his family. Since that period he has shown no symptoms of a return of his malady until a recent attack. He was taken to the Prefecture, whence he will be removed to a lunatic asylum."

**ASCENT OF THE NILE.**—The Pacha of Egypt has ordered a new expedition to be organised to ascend the Nile, under M. le Comte d'Escaire de Lauture, an experienced African traveller, and the author of a recent work on Sudan, and of other treatises on African geography. The expedition will be accompanied by twelve Européans, eight of whom have already been engaged, including three Frenchmen and three Austrians, and the chief is desirous of procuring the assistance of English officers accustomed to astronomical and meteorological observations and the management of boats. The court has just left London, having been in communication with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society on the subject of the expedition, which is intended to start from Cairo in October. This expedition is undertaken entirely at the cost of the Vice-King of Egypt, and the members are to receive, in addition to their rations, the payment of £10 to £11 per month during the time employed upon it, which is estimated at two years. The members are expected to start for Marseilles on the 18th of September.

**A STRANGE STORY.**—The following, as will be observed, is from an American source.—During a thunderstorm in the town of Berne, says the "Albany Knickerbocker," the electric fluid struck an apple tree, against which a young man named Lawrence was leaning. It split the tree from top to bottom, making a gap sufficiently large to let Mr. L. slip in about a foot, immediately after which he sprang to, and held him as tight as if he had been in a steel trap. Before he could be extricated, resort to axes and crowbars became necessary. This is probably one of the tightest places that Mr. L. ever got into.

**AN EARTHQUAKE.**—A shock of earthquake was felt on the 21st at Mahon, in the Balearic Islands. The sea at the same time rose in an extraordinary manner, and produced a "bore," which caused considerable damage in the port. On the following day a second but less violent shock was felt, the oscillation appearing to be from east to west.

**GENTLEMANLY BRIGANDS.**—According to the Madrid papers, the Spanish Fri Diavolo and Carlist chief, Hierrez, is behaving in a manner which must put all the theatrical brigands to the blush. He stopped a diligence near Pancorbo, the other day, but instead of easing the passengers of their cash, he merely took two horses in exchange for his own, and invited los señores viajantes to a sumptuous breakfast, for which he refused to accept any payment. This absurd story is gravely related in a political letter from Madrid.

**THE GREAT SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION.**—In the military circles of Berlin is a new kind of small field-piece, capable of carrying correctly 1,000 yards, and which is mounted on wheels, and so light that it can be drawn and manœuvred by a single man.

## MEAT, DRINK, AND PHYSIC.

A week had scarcely elapsed from the publication of the Report on the Adulteration of Food, when the last remaining hope of getting any kind of wholesome diet was destroyed by the salutary but offensive details furnished by the Committee of Medical Officers of Health for London. We knew that we must have a small meal of enjoyment breakfast. We had submitted with the best of good grace, under the circumstances, to eat a mixture of potatoes, pigs' trotters, and sulphate of copper, as end of bread. We were told that our batter was only coloured lard, and that the bread itself was largely adulterated with mutton suet and rancid lime. We had given up the hope of any better decoction than coffee composed of chicory and mixed with London milk. Even the chicory, we grieved to learn, was known to be an injurious compound of sawdust, carrots, and Vinegar. So sausages always struck us as savoury, till we learned that the country samples were made of "doubtful meat"—a phrase enough to dispel the stoutest appetite. The less objectionable specimens, sausages, may be composed of the choppings of slipped eaves and mealy fat; but perhaps the uncertainty of the doubtful meat is preferable to this. Yet such announcements on the best authority, breakfast was out of the question; but we still retained a strong belief in dinner. It is true that our stout was liable to be dosed with *cocculus indicus* and *nux vomica*; that our pickles were invariably poisoned with copper—that cayenne was never to be met with except in fine London gin—that vinegar was sulphuric acid, and confectionery a compound of every imaginable poison that could be used as a pigment. Still, these were only the accessories of dinner, and we cherished with increased regard the one pure specimen in the midst of corruption—the joint of English beef or South Down mutton. Every day we found ourselves gradually diminishing the consumption of every other article in favour of the solitary food that could not be adulterated. We were fast approaching a purely carnivorous diet, and gloated over flesh that could not possibly be anything but what it seemed. Dr. Chudler and his colleagues are no doubt public benefactors in their instructive exposure of the frauds of butchers, but they have destroyed dinner as彻底ly as the Parliamentary Committee annihilated breakfast. Unless some remedy is found, without delay, it would be better, if we mean to eat and live, not to hear of dungs' beef, with a sour and unwholesome smell—soft, wet, and flabby mutton—ofaneous lamb—with pus in the aricular glands—of liver filled with fibrinous conglutinæ—of jolly-like tissue—and eyes pained from disease. Yet this, it appears, is the sort of meat habitually offered for sale. To do them justice, the Medical Commissioners are not over fastidious. They speak lightly of mere putridity—they pronounced old mutton quite wholesome—had have some doubt whether the presence of amanides in the flesh is a serious objection. Their disclosures are more nauseous than anything, of this kind, and force us to acknowledge that we are daily in danger of feeding on cows that have died in parturition, sheep that have suffered from rot, measly pigs, and oxen that have been slaughtered to save their lives.

Perhaps it is all for the best that the last definitive consolation should be snatched away. Now that it is once established that nothing is pure, nothing wholesome, nothing sound, the reaction cannot be far distant. A vicious adulteration, or a trifling admixture of poison, might be easily remedied; but, when everything we can live on is corrupt, the evil cannot be lifted without a remedy. If the present state of things were to continue, we should have to take a regular dose of physic after every meal, to cover the abominations of our daily sustenance. But that might only make matters worse; for the adulteration of dungs is even more extensively practised than the corruption of food. What is the good of strengthening the stomach with scummy cocked up out of sand and resin, or of taking anorative of jalap manufactured of powdered wood?

From these horrors we turn to the recommendations of the two Committees; but they furnish only the faintest possible hope for the future. Already the law has, with but small results, attempted to interfere. In the city, a Local Sewer? Act provides for the appointment of inspectors of slaughter-houses and meat, who auxiliary to destroy whatever may appear unfit for the food of man. Officers under the Metropolitan Market Act and the Nuisances Removal Act have somewhat similar powers; and the doctors content themselves with simply recommending that the same shall be armed with the authority of all the different acts, and that the inspectors should be trained to their duty by regular instruction in the symptoms of unsound meat. But if the existing law has failed hitherto, there is little chance of its becoming more effectual until more stringent measures are adopted towards offenders, and more extensive supervision practised by the meat-detectives. The suggestions of the Committee of the House of Commons are still less cheering. They are prepared to put down poison, but they take under their protection the practice of "innocuous" adulteration, which they regard as one of the essential privileges involved in the idea of free trade. No matter how offensive or distasteful the food may be made, if it is not absolutely prejudicial to health, we are to look for no redress. Poisons themselves are only to be kept out of the pot by the force of certain legislative denunciations, which have already been tried in vain in the case of bread. The statute no doubt is rigorous enough, if it were only practically enforced. Very few people, we imagine, are aware that they may get their bakers fined £10, or imprisoned with hard labour for six months, for putting a grain of alum into a loaf. To buy powdered alum with professedly wheaten bread involves a penalty of £20; and it is a heinous offence to sell a loaf composed of mixed meal unless it is backed with a Roman M. Who has not eaten a compound of potato and wheat, yet who ever saw a loaf stamped with a Roman M? But the Act does not stop here. It imposes severe punishments for the mere possession of articles of adulteration, and hits the true remedy by directing the publication of the names of offenders. The most spiteful legislator who had imagined his food for months could not have devised a more abominating statute; and if it had not proved utterly useless in purifying one bread, we should have welcomed the suggestion to extend its provisions to all manner of eatables as the sure forerunner of the time when eating shall again become a pleasure.

But severe enactments won't work themselves, and the public is far too reluctant to be the guardian of its own stomach. Mr. South may doubt his bread, and Mr. Jones may lose all relish for his meal, but neither of them will be at the pains and cost to consult, first, an analytical chemist, in order to prove the suspected offence, and then to fee a lawyer to conduct a prosecution against the baker or the butcher. The real remedy is obvious. The law must, of course, be extended so as to reach all compound mixtures, whether deleterious or not. We cannot go on eating objectionable meals until doctors have settled the precise influence of every unauthorised ingredient upon our bodily health. When the law is effected, it must be enforced; and the only way to secure this will be to appoint a lady of detective, like those employed by the Excise for fiscal purposes, to find out offenders and bring them to punishment. As for the amount of the penalty, that is quite immaterial. A stinging fine would be enough in any case; if every conviction were duly published among the offender's trade connection. Handbills in bold type proclaiming the fact that Frederick Goble, Esq., was found guilty of riding in a first-class carriage with a third-class ticket, are found to answer their purpose adequately, and few bakers would like to go their rounds with similar proofs of their offences staring them in the face. If such a mode of detection were thought beneath the dignity of a Government Board, another system which would secure equal publicity would do as well. The "Select" Commission did some good, but its proclamations wanted the sanction of a judicial sentence. Give us active official prosecutors, and publish the names of their victims, and there is yet hope for our dinners and breakfasts.—*Saturday Review.*

## FALL OF A HOUSE IN THE CITY.

## FOUR PERSONS KILLED.

Exactly before one o'clock on Wednesday morning, a house in Little Swan Lane, occupied by very poor persons, fell down with a tremendous crash, burying its inmates, thirteen in number, in the ruins. A number of workpeople, called to the rescue, immediately commenced removing the debris; a boy of no little comeliness, when four dead bodies were discovered, and nine persons, who were very severely injured, were taken to the hospital. Immediately upon the news of the catastrophe reaching the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor repaired to the spot with ready advice and help. In the course of the morning several members of the Court of Common Council, representing the ward in which the fallen house stood, met and commenced a subscription for the benefit of the sufferers.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

**DELIBERATE SUICIDE.**—Mr. J. M. Lewis, a draper, of Axbridge, called at the Crown Inn, and, after partaking of a glass of ale, shook hands with some friends he had previously addressed his wife, "Well, good bye, Hiram, good bye, you've been a good wife to me, so good bye," and then walked off to his stable, where his coach was always found. Next day a bottle which he had contained gin, a bottle half full of sherry, and a horse-shoe bath which had contained laudanum. He was in embarrassed circumstances.

**A FESTIVE TRAGEDY.**—On Sunday week, two days ago, Mr. Read, a brewer, of Newcastle, went to Whitby, near Yorkminster. One of them was bathing in the sea, and unconsciously got within the range of the fall. He could not swim back to land. His brother, perceiving his peril from the bank, rushed into the water up to his chin, but could not reach him. "Go back, go back!" cried the drowning man to his frantic brother. "I am given over to the French boats," crying a short distance out at sea. A moment after, words he uttered round, but before he could execute his purpose.

**BANK FAILERS AT NEWCASTLE.**—The Commercial Bank of Newcastle has been compelled to succumb under the difficulties created by the Sander boom. Recent disclosures caused a panic among the customers, and the managing director has found it necessary to close the books. It does not appear that, though the shareholders will lose their capital, the customers of the bank will be paid in full; the outstanding assets come to hand.

**MELANCHOLY FOLLY.**—A young, slight, and vivacious servant girl, in Newcastle, upset the tea-things, and was accused by her mistress. Shortly after the accident, having occasion to wait upon Mr. Joseph Richardson, a lawyer, she shook hands with him, and said he would see her no more never. He informed her mistress of the circumstance, and in a few moments a scuffle was heard in the yard. The girl had thrown herself from the topmost window of the house, and her injuries proved fatal in one or two hours. Her pocket was left, confessing that she had done a wicked deed, but expressing a hope for God's forgiveness, and her resignation to die. She was sure, too, that she said at about the tea-things, and could live no longer. She left her love behind in the house, and especially to Mr. Richardson, hoping that he would get some one to wait on him better than she had done;—he had many a time, she said, been very unkind, "but it is all over now."

**INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT MANCHESTER.**—The statue of the late Duke of Wellington, erected in front of the Royal Infirmary at Manchester, was inaugurated on Saturday. The area in front of the infirmary, which a few years ago was mainly occupied by a sheet of water, has now been converted into a spacious flagged promenade, with fountains rising from two basins of water, so placed as to leave a space between them for a central statue, while the statues of Peel and Wellington occupy sites of about equal magnitude to the right and left of the fountains. It is intended that the central space shall some day be occupied by a statue of the Queen. The statue of Wellington is a full length bronze figure, thirteen feet high, designed by Mr. Noble. It stands upon a square granite pedestal, nineteen feet high, with subordinate figures at each of the four angles—one representing Valour, and the others Wisdom, Victory, and Peace. The ceremony of inauguration drew together an immense concourse of people. The Mayor and corporation walked in procession from the Town Hall to the Infirmary, accompanied by the Bishop of Manchester and the principal subscribers to the statue, which has cost about £7,000. Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith and his staff were also present, with troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards and 23rd Infantry. The statue was unveiled amid loud cheering, the band playing the National Anthem, and the fountains beginning to play simultaneously.

**OPENING OF THE ADDERLEY PARK, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.**—On Saturday, the land recently appropriated by Mr. Adderley, M.P., in the neighbourhood of Sutton, as a "people's park," was, for the first time, thrown open for that purpose, when the occasion was celebrated by a dinner and other festivities.

**SUICIDE BY LEAPING DOWN A COAL MINE.**—Mary Kollett, a girl thirteen years of age, daughter of Daniel Kollett, a labourer, of Wike, destroyed herself last week under very painful circumstances. She had no mother, and when her father came home to his dinner he detected her in a falsehood, for which he beat her with a leather strap. This chastisement had such an effect upon her, that directly her father had left her she thrust herself into a chasm forty yards deep. An inquest was held upon the prostrated body, and a verdict of temporary insanity returned.

**CHARGE OF MURDER.**—Mr. Bayler, a retired inspector of prisons, in the county of the county police at Gateshead, charged to be murdering his wife. The facts, so far as they have come to light, are these: Mr. Baxter had rented upon a rent of £500 a year, and with his wife lived in a large villa called Greenbank, a few miles west of Gateshead. They had been in very comfortable circumstances, when Friday evening week had both retired to bed in a state of intoxication. About half past two o'clock on Saturday morning, their domestic girl named Dawson, was awoken by the ringing of a bell in her mistress's room. She proceeded to the bed room, and found her mistress partly lying off the bed. The girl lifted her into a proper position, and retired. Her master was then either asleep or too drunk to notice anything. About four the same morning she was again aroused by the voice of her master, and upon springing out of bed again and running into the room, she observed her master sitting up in bed holding her mistress's hand. He said to the girl, "I believe she is dead." The girl touched the body, and finding it cold, ran out for a neighbour. When they returned Mr. Baxter was still in bed with his dead wife, but he was induced to get up, and the body was laid out. At an inquest subsequently held, Mr. Calender, surgeon, who had examined the body, assigned drunkenness as the cause of death; but after the examination of the servant girl, the jury again viewed the body, and discovered that one of the legs was discoloured, the discolouration extending from the ankle to the thigh. The arms and chest were also discoloured, and the throat from ear to ear was intensely black. The inquest was then adjourned, and during the interval of adjournment, a post mortem examination was made by Mr. Calender and Dr. Barkus, of this town. Some wounds were found on the scalp, which, however, were not sufficient to cause immediate death, but large masses of coagulated blood were also observed between the scalp and the brain. From those and other appearances, Dr. Barkus came to the conclusion that the deceased had died from strangulation. The jury, after hearing all the evidence at the adjourned inquest, retired for some time, and, on coming into court, the foreman stated that they were unable to agree to a verdict, seven of them being for returning a verdict of wilful murder, while six of them were for returning a verdict of manslaughter only against Mr. Baxter. In this dilemma, the coroner adjourned the inquest, intending to lay the whole of the circumstances before the Home Secretary, Sir G. Grey. The deceased appears to have been a strong woman of nearly masculine frame of body, and very powerful.

**EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.**—The total number of persons who have left Liverpool for all foreign ports during the past month has been 10,393, against 8,908 in the corresponding month of 1855. Of these 7,911 have proceeded to the United States; 1,961 to Australia; 481 to St. John's, Halifax, and Quebec; and 59 to New Zealand.

**AN ENERGETIC FARMER.**—Last week a farmer at Ryhall was seen carrying wheat from a field to his dwelling, conveying a sackful under his arm. The circumstances was observed by a neighbour, who proceeded to the farm house, where he saw a large fire, and the farmer's wife engaged in drying the sheaves before it. We are informed that corn the produce of three acres of land was dried in this novel manner.

**MURDEROUS OUTRAGES AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**—Two serious cases of personal violence have been perpetrated in this town, one of which has terminated fatally. A woman, who lived with an Irishman, named William Fleming, was on Friday afternoon found dead in her bed, with marks of violence on her person pointing to the conclusion that she had been strangled, and by Fleming. He is well-known to the police, having been frequently before the magistrates for felony and other offences. He is about five feet five inches high, stout make, of fair complexion, ginger hair, short nose rather turned up. He was dressed, when last seen, in fustian trousers and vest, blue flannel shirt, no coat or jacket.

The neighbours describe the deceased as a woman of peaceable disposition, and of some education for her class. She was a native of Worcestershire.—The other case is one of stabbing with a knife. The person charged with the offence is Anthony Frederick Bell, a ship broker; and the man stabbed is Mr. John Arkley, a butcher. Bell is well-known as a man of violent temper, and he has been in the hands of the police on a charge of assault. It appears that the men were sitting in a public-house on the Quayside, and some words having passed, Bell threw a glass at Arkley, which cut through his hat, but did no serious injury. Bell went away to his office, and Arkley followed him to inquire the reason of the assault, when Bell drew his knife, and struck Mr. Arkley a blow in the side, from the effects of which he fell, the blood flowing profusely. It is even stated that whilst he was on the ground Bell kicked him on the face. He was taken home, where he now lies in a very enfeebled state. Bell was taken into custody.

**HORRIBLE DEATH.**—A man named John Brierley met his death, last week, by falling into a vat of boiling water, on the premises of Mr. H. Wrigley, sizing manufacturer, Spring Wood. The vat was about three feet deep, and full of boiling water, and had about half a load of bones in, when deceased, who was intoxicated, was helping to throw in a barrow full, and stooped down to the edge of the vat to place a stone against the edge in order to "tip" the barrow.

On rising he appeared to be dizzy and rolled into the water head foremost. Winterbottom (a man working with the deceased) jumped upon the bones and pulled him out, but he slipped and fell into the boiling water a second time. Winterbottom at length managed to drag him out, when deceased declared he had swallowed three mouthfuls of the liquid, and entreated to be thrown in again, knowing he should die. Every possible assistance was rendered, but the poor fellow expired the following morning.

**LORD CARDIGAN AT LEEDS.**—On Saturday, Leeds was full of commotion and excitement, caused by the presentation of a magnificent sword by the inhabitants of the West Riding to the Earl of Cardigan, in commemoration of his services in the Crimea and the Drobirska. The banquet took place at the Stock Exchange; the chair being occupied by Mr. Edmund Denison, M.P. After the usual introductory toasts, the address to the Earl of Cardigan was read, and enlarged upon by the chairman. The Earl of Cardigan then responded, particularly defending his conduct in the celebrated Balaclava charge.

## IRELAND.

The court martial at Navan.—The official finding of the court martial was pronounced on Friday week, and is as follows:—Four men, sentenced by court-martial to transportation for life, were sentenced to twenty-one years, and two men, sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation, commuted to fourteen years' penal servitude. One of the prisoners thus was found "not guilty." The sentence of the condemned man, Patrick Burns, North Tipperary Man, by Judge Malone, at Navan Assizes, the third of a soldier in the U.S. Regiment, has been commuted to transportation for life. The sentence of the North Tipperary man, who was sentenced in Navan Assizes to fifteen years' transportation, has been commuted to ten years' penal servitude.

**JAMES SMYTH.**—A general opinion that the authorities have sold some doubts as to the flagon of James Smyth, presented to the Queen Tuesday week, a large party of people, from Cork, on Saturday, passed down the river, and were for some hours engaged in viewing the wreaths around his boat, and reading them.

**THE LEGISLATION ON SILVERSMITHS.**—The dispute continues as to the title and estates of the Test-Est, Lord Silversmith, a name nowise hereditary for the legal profession in Ireland, as well as England. The petition of Major Field, of Castle Laffan, to the court of Wexford has been already lodged in the department of Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, and it is believed that there is a fair chance of his title being carried off by the major. In the opinion of those conversant with the mysteries of heraldic law, the case is but one neutral point to be cleared up, and if that should be decided in favour of the petitioner, the claimant will have but little difficulty in coming to a conclusion.

**WANTED, A CURATE.**—Clerical distress is among the leading topics of newspaper discussion just now; and certainly the Church revenues seem to be diminished after an uneventful, and perhaps also an unlucky fashion. A late number of the "Ecclesiastical Gazette" contains thirty advertisements from parsonage in search of curates. Out of this number one only offers £100 a year, the rest are one at £90, or two at £80, and the rest rapidly fall from £70 down to £26, with a small furnished house, where the rector is non-resident. One is unique—it offers £50 with the use of the rectory-house, the rector to buy the rector's furniture at a valuation of £150! Another gives £70, in a parish of nearly 6,000, where there is daily service.

**THE ABBEY OF LOVE.**—The followers of Prince, of "the Abbey of Love," have commenced a sort of mission for the diffusion of their doctrines. Their first meeting was held at Bridgewater, at the Clarence Hotel. The "missionaries" were three puerile clergymen, the Rev. S. Starkey, Rev. S. Thomas, and Rev. J. Cobb. These gentlemen had one thing in common as well as their designation—they were shaved to the very top of their ears. Thomas is an unattractive-looking being, with a bald head; Starkey is bald, too, but his bulk attested that he was a more comfortable Angel, as we believe. These men are called in the Abbey. Their discourse were in one strain, pointing to Prince as the Messiah, and urging the people to prepare for his judgment. The preachers were listened to with impatience by the auditory, and an attempt was made to draw them into discussion, but they refused to hold any argument.

**THE ROYAL MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—The moulder condition of the Royal monuments in Westminster Abbey had for some time engaged the attention of archæologists, and Mr. Scott, as Abbot to the Abbey, at length suggested a certain degree of partial restoration. The different anti-archæan societies strongly objecting to this, Mr. Scott hit upon the following process.—A very weak resinous solution in spirits of wine was injected upon the decayed surface by means of a gardener's syringe, the end of which is perforated with numerous fine holes. The small streams from these minute oriæs had not strength sufficient to remove the loose scales which hung upon the surface, and which were so tender that the slightest touch of the finger or a brush would cause them to drop. The solution was made in the first instance exceedingly weak, so as to soak even into the Linbeck marble as far as the decay has penetrated. The operation was repeated at intervals of a day or two, till the pores were perfectly saturated; and the solution is made somewhat stronger in the work proceeds. The number of casts or applications varies from four to six, an injection of pure spirits is used at the close to take off any gloss which may appear upon the surface; and finally, such parts as have sealed off to such an extent that the solution will not secrete them, are firmly reattached by strong shellac cement applied with a pencil. The process has been applied to all the monuments of Purbeck marble or firestone which surround the chapel of the Confessor, including also his shrine, and with every appearance of perfect success. The surface, instead of being loose and powdery, so that the slightest touch of the finger or the thumb brought it off in dust, or finger fragments, is now hard and firm, while the variegated tints of colour—the peculiar charm of these monuments—is scarcely perceptible altered.

## THE RIFF PIRATES.

WHATEVER may be the result of the vexatious hitches which take place in carrying out the late Treaty of Peace, or of the negotiations now going on to bring the King of Naples to his senses, or of the Austro-Sardinian complications, one most fair prospect of a quarrel lately opened before us. If we were not yet called upon to chastise the Russians for breach of faith, to rebuke the tyranny of Austria, or to humble the pale and shivering pride of King Bomba, we had a fine opportunity for pitching into the Riff pirates. They are recorded in all the journals, and broken the laws of national hospitality, had attacked the crew of a Prussian High Admiral not cruelly, and with intent to steal. It was certainly a grave offence; the Riffs, moreover, are old offenders; and it did seem most proper that Civilisation should forthwith visit the barbarous with fit punishment.

And Civilisation, for its part, was, we were given to understand, most happy. As soon as the Russian Government heard of the attack of the Riff pirates upon Prince Adalbert, it offered to take part in an expedition to chastise them. Russia proposed to furnish a flotilla of two frigates and two corvettes, which flotilla was soon reported fully armed, lying at Cronstadt ready to put to sea. France, also, was not only willing but most anxious to increase the avenging armament of Prussia. The Emperor proposed (or so we understood) to send on this expedition a squadron previously destined to restore to their native land all the poor wretches now groaning in Cayenne—thus nobly deferring the happiness of his exiled children to the common interests of the world, and of navigation! England, too, was to have made her guns heard on the Riff coast; and altogether we had liberty to felicitate ourselves on a nice little crusade against the infidel.

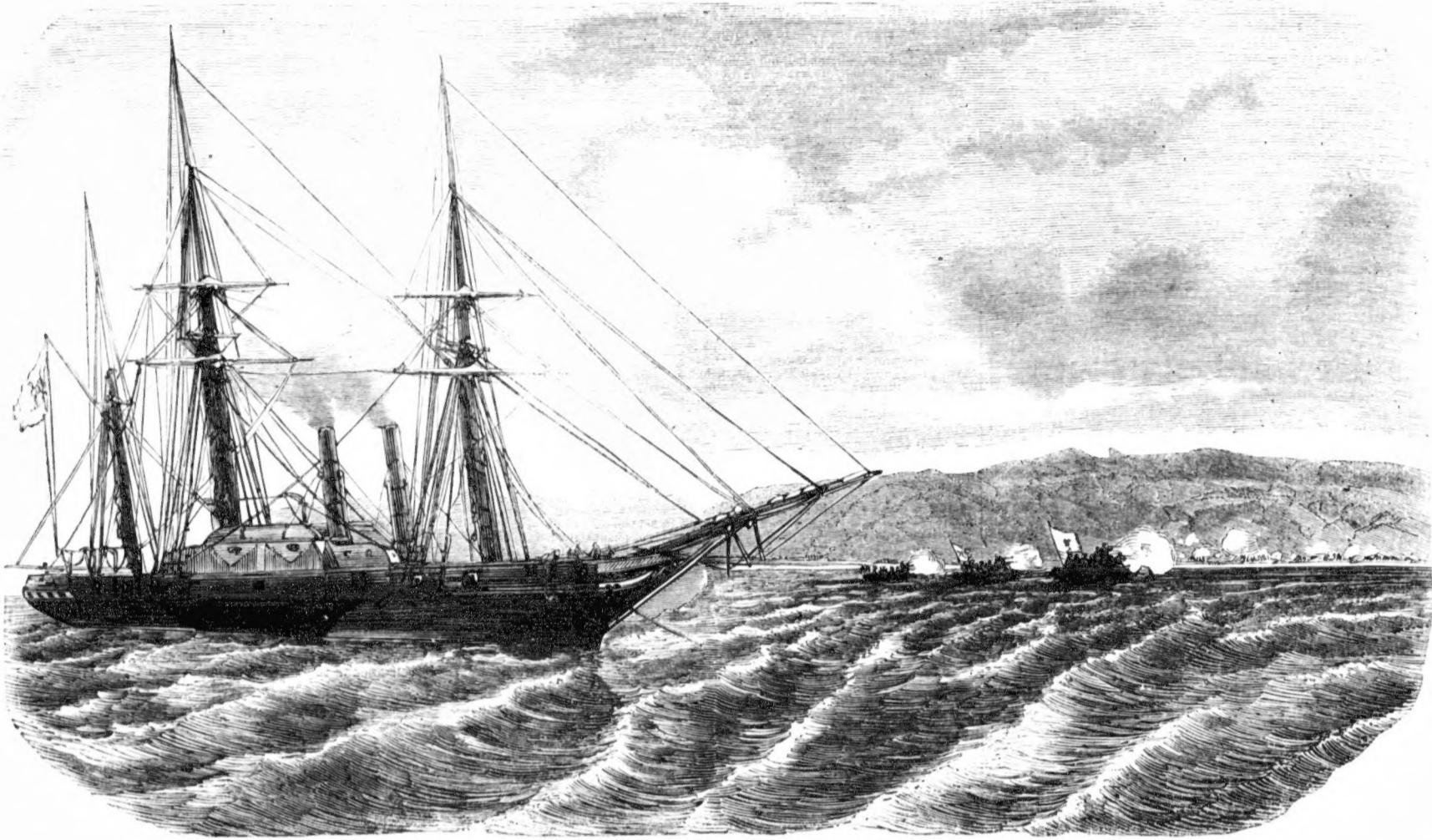
But suddenly—it is a world of change!—we find this expectation disappointed. Prussia does not mean to resent the wrong; Russia and England are denied the felicity of fighting together against the "barbarian hordes," and Napoleon III. is at liberty to indulge his zeal for the cause of humanity and justice, by sending his squadron of relief straight to his suffering children in Cayenne.

One really can't help thinking that there must be a reason for all this marching and countermarching, and it is at least odd that Prussia should remain quiescent under insult and injury combined. Some say the reason is a French reason: France did not think the union of England and Prussia in any such undertaking at all a happy one; and especially that English operations on the coast of Morocco were to be abhorred. The "Patrie" remarks, for instance, that the naval force of Prussia is much more than sufficient for all that can be done by sea against the pirates;

and that if the aid of England were invoked, it could only be with the object of obtaining a modicum of satisfaction from Morocco.

But another, and hardly more substantial reason, has been suggested. The resolve to evict the pirates having been taken, it was next considered, perhaps, how to do it; and it was discovered that the matter could hardly be accomplished in the half of a musket. It turns out that the Riffs are not pirates at all in the seafaring acceptation of the word, though wretches they may very well be called; that they are a people who possess neither harbours, ships, nor the means to equip naval armaments, and whose only stronghold is a region of mountain and ravine, which spreads some 200 miles along the Mediterranean. What, therefore, could a squadron do against them? The Riffs do not expose themselves to danger at sea. The expeditionary squadron could only send a landing party to march over sandy plains against impenetrable rocks, through a district where they would not find a single position to be taken or a village to be occupied. But if the name "pirate" be not misapplied to the natives of Riff, then, with equal propriety, its adoption must be accepted with reference to all those tribes, Arab and other, who people the Atlantic side of Africa, from the country of Susa to the northernmost limits of the French in Senegal. For throughout the whole extent of this country—say 800 miles and more—the natives are systematic plunderers of the ships they can decoy, or which, by stress of weather, or miscalculation of the bend of a current, turned from its ordinary direction by the cluster of the Canary Islands towards the low and dangerous shores of the Sahara, are constantly wrecked; and the survivors of their crews of every nation stripped and sold into slavery.

But the sovereign of Morocco often steps in to rescue the captives from despair. From pure benevolence, let us believe, he constitutes himself, if it were, the Imperial commissioner of all nations, friend or otherwise



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE BOATS OF THE PRUSSIAN STEAMER DANTZIC, AND THE RIFF PIRATES, OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

and by his influence redeems these captives at the price set upon their ransom, and sends them to their homes through the medium of the accredited consuls.

That the Riffs are subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, and their shores distant but 80 miles from his northern metropolis, Fez, needs no further remark. It is clear that the best means of reaching the Riffs is through this sovereign, though it is equally clear, from the fact that he pays for the crimes of his subjects, that he has very little real authority over them. Indeed, we are told as much explicitly by Mr. Dupuis, late British Vice-Consul in Tripoli and Tunis, who has made the British public acquainted

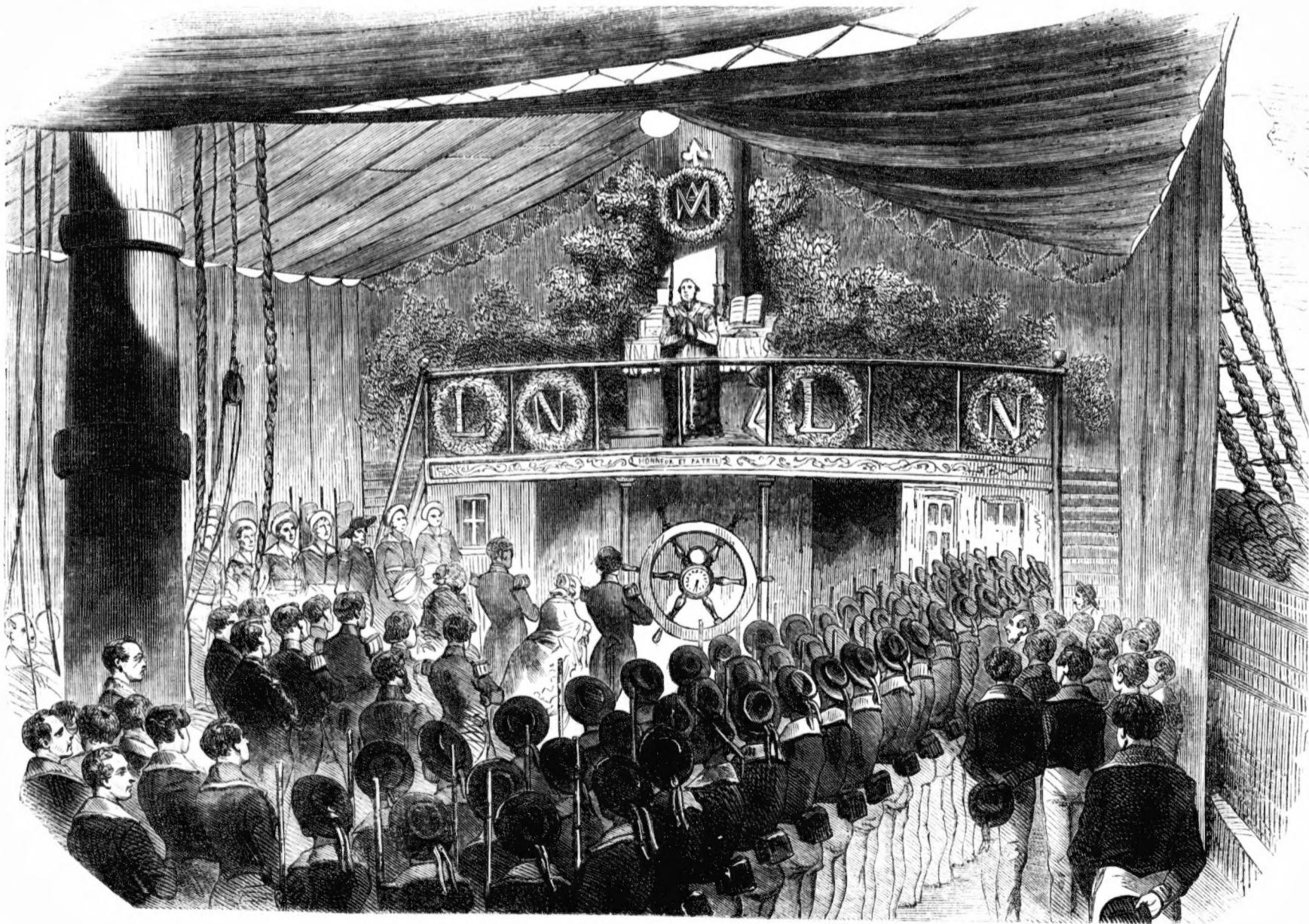
with the state of the case as above represented. So, we presume, the affair which began with such a mighty promise of powder is likely to end in a little weak protocolling. On the whole that is well, perhaps.

#### THE NAPOLEON FETES.

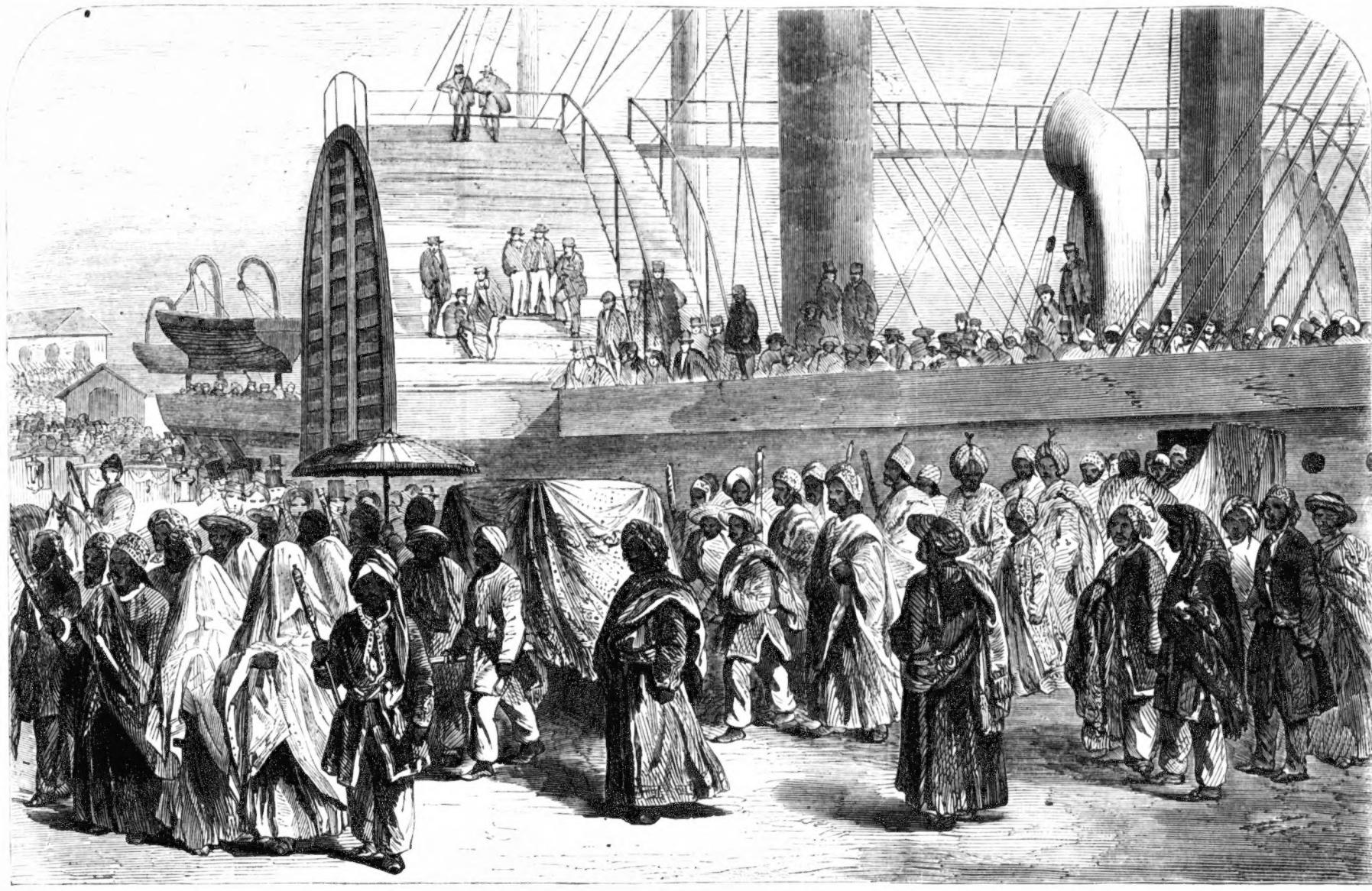
FRANCE is not maritime, but Bonapartes are—at least in aspiration. We remember what pains were taken to make Prince Jerome a sailor; and though the result was melancholy enough, we should be surprised if a Bonaparte sea-king did not flourish among the ambitious imaginings of

Napoleon III. At any rate he takes care to foster his navy; and to Napoleonise it so far, Prince Napoleon goes out on a maritime expedition. It is wise, undoubtedly, not to give the army the exclusive charge and protectorate of *l'Idee Napoleonienne*; the navy should be taught to revere that infallible idea also, and to believe in it; especially by no means should the gallie sea-dogs be overlooked when *fêtes* and feasting drown the Gallic mind.

The Napoleon *fêtes*, then, last past, were not confined alone to those who live at home at ease. The *fête* was a maritime *fête* also; and we show the manner of celebrating it on board a man-of-war.



CELEBRATION OF THE FETE DAY OF NAPOLEON III. ON BOARD A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR.



THE QUEEN OF OUDE AND SUITE LANDING FROM THE INDUS AT SOUTHAMPTON.

**THE ROYAL FAMILY OF OUDE.**

LAST week, we had to record the arrival and momentous landing of the Queen of Oude, to describe her Majesty's drawing room, and to chronicle her "movements" generally, so far as our own enlightened public care to be informed of them. It is now our lot, in humble imitation of the great Jenkins, to describe the Queen's departure for London, with some other particulars interesting to the curious mind.

The Royal family of Oude, then, left Southampton on Saturday—of course by special train. The Royal family and suite consisted of 110 persons, and their baggage and treasures consisted of 500 packages, filling (*i.e.*, the baggage) four vans. The expense of the train was above £100, full fare being paid for each person and package. Holford House, Regent's Park, had been taken for the residence of the Queen, Princes, and as many of the suite as it will accommodate, at a rental of £550 a year; and while we are on the pounds, shillings, and pence question, we may mention the landlord was paid 100 guineas for the rent of the hotel at Southampton during the few days' stay of the party there.

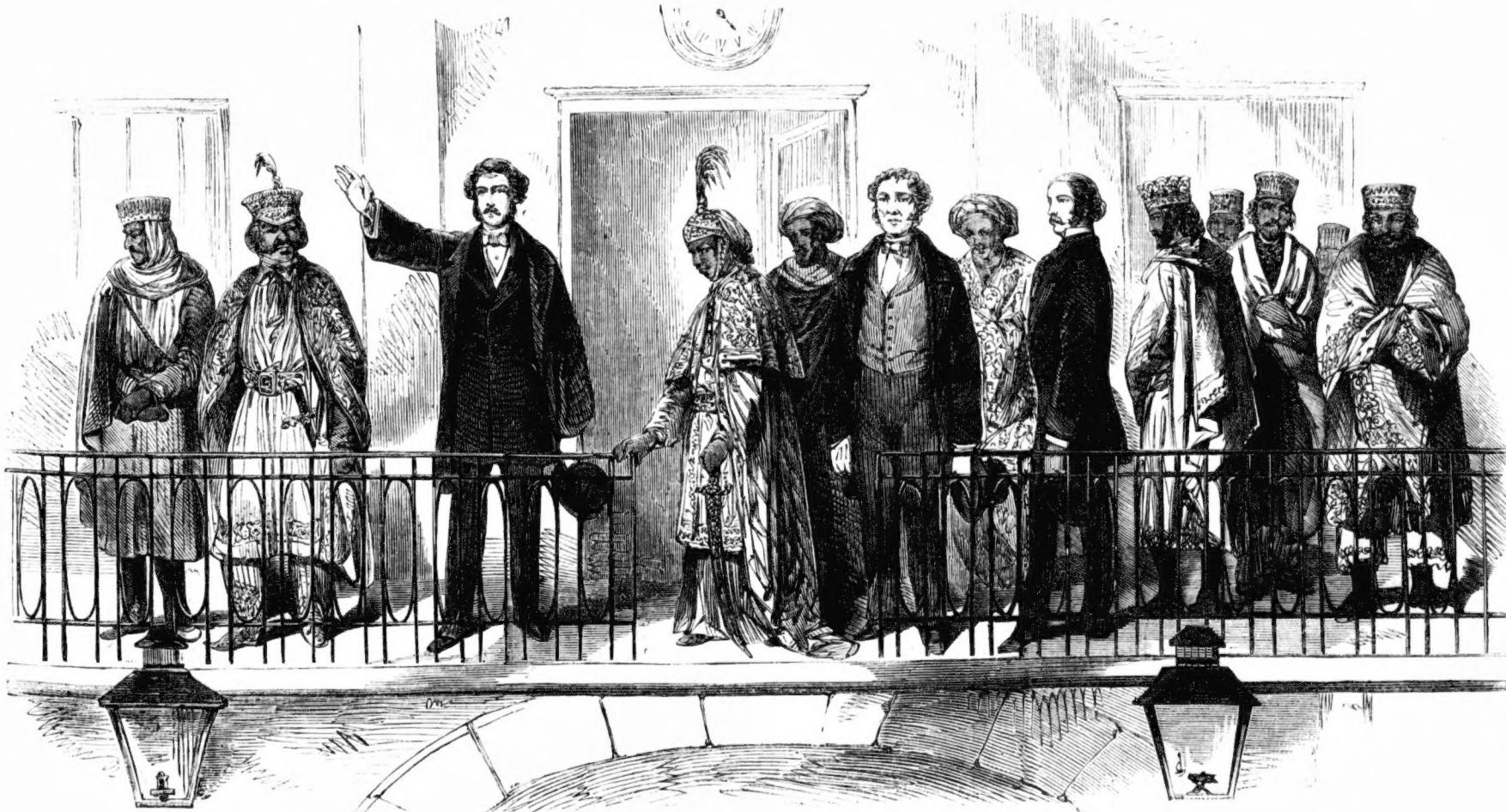
During the removal of the baggage, one of the workmen entered the Queen's apartment inadvertently. In a moment he was ejected by a eunuch. He had just time—lucky fellow!—to notice the Queen, who was dressed in white, and was seated among a number of native ladies.

At six o'clock, the Oude party commenced leaving the hotel. The hotel outer doors were closed, and no stranger was allowed inside. Native mace-bearers guarded the entrance outside. As soon as some of the suite were prepared to leave the doors were opened, and directly the party left closed and guarded again. The low-caste male servants left the hotel first, many of them walking to the terminus. About twenty cabs were hired to convey the Princes, their immediate attendants, the eunuchs, the ladies, and the female servants of the court there, and a carriage and pair to convey the Queen, her principal female attendant, and a eunuch.

About half-past seven the scene inside the terminus was rather amusing. A number of the "menials" had got into the third-class carriages, and were smoking and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Others of the same class were busy carrying and stowing away Hindoo bedding, mats,

carpets, and no end of curious culinary and washing utensils. Cabs were racing into the terminus every minute with the monshees and gentlemen of the court. The Hindostanee of the natives, the slang of the cabmen, and the noise of the crowd, formed a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Towards eight o'clock a rush was made to see the princesses and maids of honour. They were dressed in mummy-like fashion, and each cabful of them was duly marshalled by a eunuch. In the covering for the face was a hole by which they could see out, and which enabled them to walk from the cab to the railway carriages without stumbling. They were assisted into the carriages by the eunuchs, and when they were seated, the window blinds were drawn down. Before this was done, however, one of the ladies would occasionally take the covering off her face—for women will be women.

The two Princes were dressed very splendidly, and were escorted along the railway platform by a large party of native gentlemen, who had the greatest difficulty to keep off the crowd from pressing too closely upon them. The Queen was in the terminus for some time before it was decided



MAJOR CIRD PRESENTING THE OUDEAN PRINCES TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

loty, he could be best got out of her carriage and conveyed to the railway carriage without being seen. It was at first intended to convey her in a pony-pony, but this idea was abandoned. Long and earnest conversations took place between the eunuchs and other natives outside the carriage and Majesty within, evidently about the difficulty of preventing her from being seen. Her Majesty talked very volubly upon the matter; but was unfortunately unable to reproduce her ideas. Great dispute, in Hindostani, took place also between Mr. Brandon, the interpreter, the eunuchs and other native servants, apparently about the same subject. Full half an hour was wasted in this way. At length it was determined to conceal her by holding up pieces of cloth, linen, or shawls, so as to form a screened passage for her Majesty to walk through. Now there was a distance of twenty feet from the carriage wherein the Queen sat to the railway train; so the screens could not be got long enough, neither could they be had wide enough, nor were there a sufficient number of eunuchs to hold them up. If these screens touched the ground, people could look over them, and would be able to see the Queen's head, and if they did not touch the ground they could look under, and would be able to see the Queen's feet. At length, with the assistance of Mr. Watkins, the station master, who helped to hold up the screens, and of Mr. Brandon, an interpreter in the Queen's suite who stood in a gap caused by the shortness of the screens, an imperfectly concealed passage was formed; and soon afterwards the door of the carriage opened. Every one's breath was now suspended. Brandon—giant man!—twisted round, so as to present his back to her Majesty, and that he might not be guilty of the profanation of looking at her; while presently a stout figure, completely shrouded in a white dress, emerged from the carriage.

This was the Begum, or Queen Dowager of Oude. She was followed by a lady in similar attire. The curiosity of the spectators was now almost boundless, but the eunuchs, still holding up the screens, closed in behind her Majesty until she entered a darkened compartment of a railway carriage, the door of which was immediately closed. Her Majesty soon uncovered a portion of her face, and looked through the window of the carriage to the crowd on the platform; but no one outside could distinguish her features.

At half-past eight the train started for London. When the train arrived at the Waterloo station, the ladies of the suite stepped backwards out of the carriage of the railway, in order to prevent the railway officials and the crowds assembled from having the pleasure of seeing their faces, but it was remarked by many of the spectators, that however strong may be the objections to displaying the charms of an Oriental face, the same degree of anxiety by no means existed with respect to the lower extremities, so carefully concealed by the ladies' dresses in western countries. The Queen of Oude wore a silver gray silk train, and gold anklets.

The Queen and her advisers seem determined, if possible, to enlist the sympathies of the people of England in their cause, and unsparing efforts in this direction are being, and will be, made to effect this object. The East India Company has offered them a sum of fifteen lacs or rupees a-year, or £150,000, as a compensation for the loss of their kingdom. With this they are dissatisfied, and are now engaged in preparing their case to lay before the Company, with a view to better terms, if not a restoration of their dynasty. Whether any amount of success will attend these endeavours is problematical; at present the interest excited is one of mere curiosity on the part of the multitude, to whom the whole thing is a sort of show, and who find an innocent pleasure in listening to the tales of the fabulously wealthy and jewels belonging to the Royal party, which have been industriously circulated. Certainly the appearance of the Princesses and principal attendants is most superb, by reason of the elaborate and costly dresses with which they are attired; but the mass of the inferior servants present an appearance by no means satisfactory to a wholesome Englishman. Having on the basement floors of the hotel, large numbers of these servants might continually be seen lounging in the most carelessness manner, or squatting before a charcoal fire, after cooking some article of food or indulging in the times derived from a dirty opium pipe. The entire floor of this portion of the hotel was strewed with the clothing of the inhabitants, and in appearance much resembled the back premises of a rag merchant in an extensive way of business, and (as usual) not particular as to the cleanliness of his merchandise.

Whether Major Bird was wise in introducing his Oudean party at this out-of-town period of the year, is perhaps questionable. His fitness to conduct a political mission of such immense importance for his clients appears to us rather doubtful too, remembering the speech made before the people of Southampton before the Hotel assembled. That was a proceeding not at all likely to propitiate either the Government or the Legislature, who are likely to regard such an attempt to raise the populace with a little angry contempt rather than otherwise. Major Bird, standing on the balcony of the Hotel, spoke as follows on that occasion:—

"I am deputed by her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Oude, by his Royal Highness the King of Oude's brother, and by his Royal Highness the heir apparent, son of the King of Oude, to tender you their heart felt thanks for the kind and warm manner in which you have received them on their arrival in Great Britain—for your cheers, for your smiling faces. But, you will naturally ask, what is the cause of the advent of these royal personages?—why have they left their country and kingdom to visit Great Britain? And the inquiry is, under the circumstances, one, the reply to which is likely to enlist your sympathy. You will pardon me while I picture to you an aged Queen (nearly sixty years old), brought up in all the pomp and luxury of the East, the soles of whose feet were scarcely allowed to tread the ground, laying aside the prejudices of travel, and undertaking a journey of some 10,000 miles, with the King's brother in one hand, and her grandson (the heir to the throne of Oude) in the other, and conning to the people of Great Britain a suppliant for justice. Yes, fellow-countrymen, the royal family of Oude has come to appeal against that act of the East India Company which has deprived them of their throne and country. They have left the country of their birth, to me, at the hands of the people of Great Britain a full and impartial enquiry into the causes which have led to the annexation of the kingdom of Oude by the East India government; in fact, I am sorry to say, which appears to have been partially adopted by the British government. It is not intended to conceal from you the difficulties incidental on a retrograde step. There is no attempt proposed to conceal anything, or to shrink from saying where wrong has existed; but I claim from you a full and fair inquiry, and justice, based on the conduct of Oude through a series of years towards that very Government who have now taken the kingdom of Oude from that royal race—from the Marquis of Dalhousie, in his proclamation, acknowledges to have been ever faithful and true to their friendship with the English nation. What was the conduct of Oude during the Cabul disaster, where thousands of our fellow-countrymen perished? What was her conduct during the war with the state of Gwalior? What position did she maintain during the wars with the Punjaub—that critical period when victory was doubtful—when the Government securities fell to the lowest rate ever known—when indemnities to turn against the East Indian Government were not wanting in the whispered proposals rife throughout India? At that very time the King of Oude denuded his cavalry of horses, and spared men from his own regiments, to fill up the ranks of the East India Company's army; and, not only so, after every great military undertaking the Government of Oude have contributed largely towards the expenses of the wars carried on by their ally, the East India Government. These contributions were not by hundreds, nor by thousands, but by millions of pounds sterling. At this very time the East Indian Government are indebted to the amount of two and half million sterling for the loans made by the King of Oude at various times; and this is the return—to deprive that royal faithfully of his throne and kingdom. But, you will say, what is the place? The excuse put forward for this act is the deliverance of the people of Oude from the oppression and misrule under which they had suffered. Fellow countrymen, let us suppose that the Emperor of the French, or some potentate more powerful than Great Britain, were to break existing treaties and deprive our most gracious Majesty of her throne, to save you from what that power considered misrule—methinks I hear you say we would rather right ourselves? But, again, suppose your home and hearth should be interfered with—suppose a more powerful neighbour was to deprive any of you of your homes and firesides, because you mismanaged your house—would you allow this? (Cries of 'No, no') Will you, whose fathers and brothers have shed their blood to save Turkey from the aggression of Russia—will you, who have poured forth the resources of this magnificent country to repel Russia from the annexation of two small provinces—will you permit the East India government to take from this royal family a kingdom as large as Belgium, over which the uncle of our most gracious Queen presides? (Cries of 'No, no') Will you not grant a free inquiry into this act? It is through the people of Great Britain alone, borne on their shoulders, that the eve for justice will be admitted. To you this royal family appeal for sympathy and support; and, if you are willing to give it, show your willingness by joining me in 'Three Cheers for the Royal Family of Oude'."

Three hearty rounds of cheering were accordingly given; but whether the Major's cause (on the justice of which we give no opinion here) was advanced by this harangue, remains doubtful.

### THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND

The Queen's journey north was marked, at various points of the road, with those demonstrations of loyalty which her Majesty's presence never failed to elicit, and which she has never failed to deserve. The Royal party arrived at Edinburgh on Thursday evening week, and proceeded immediately, in open carriages, to Holyrood.

On Friday, her Majesty drove round the town and Arthur's Seat; and, in the afternoon, to Craigmillar, Hawthornden, and Roslin. The weather was splendid.

Early on Saturday, the Royal party started for Balmoral, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the people of Edinburgh.

### DEATH OF MR. GILBERT A'BECKFTT.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, long favourably known to the public as an author, and as a contributor to several literary works, and more recently as one of the best of our police magistrates.

Mr. A'Beckett was born in the year 1811; and, during the earlier part of his literary career, edited a comic paper, known as "Figaro in London," the forerunner, it seems, of "Punch," to which he has been a voluminous contributor. He is also understood to have, from time to time, written political articles of a humorous character for the "Times," "Morning Herald," and "Daily News." Mr. A'Beckett, besides other works, published the "Comic Blackstone," "Comic History of Rome," "Comic History of England," and a small volume ridiculing the absurdities of the modern English stage, under the title of "Quizziology of the British Drama."

Mr. A'Beckett was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1841; but, though the son of an attorney in considerable practice, he does not appear to have been much encumbered with briefs.

Entrusted by Charles Butler with an inquiry into the Andover Union, Mr. A'Beckett framed so masterly a report, that he was at once recognised as a man of sound judgment, with the power of explaining his views in language at once brilliant and vigorous. His Andover leaders in the "Times" are articles to which reference is still constantly made. The genius with which the Andover question was treated, gave Mr. A'Beckett strong claims upon the gratitude of the country, and secured for him the metropolitan magistracy, which he has held with honour and dignity during the last seven years.

Mr. A'Beckett left England about the middle of July for six weeks' recreation, and was to have resumed his duty at the Southwark Police Court on Monday morning. It appears that, after travelling the Continent with his family, on their arrival at Boulogne they were attacked with typhus fever. One of the children died on the night of the 27th ult., and Mr. A'Beckett was seized with the fever about the same time, and remained unconscious up to a few moments before his death, which occurred on Saturday.

### OBITUARY.

**Ross, Sir John, K.C.B.**—At Golingsham Street, Pimlico, on the morning of the 30th ult., died this gallant Arctic voyager, who entered the navy as far back as 1786, and during the late war was constantly engaged. His most important services were rendered in the arctic regions, where in 1818 he proceeded along with Sir W. E. Parry. In the latter he also went, for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The results of his investigations are detailed by Captain Ross in his "Voyage of Discovery" published in 1819. He was afterwards employed on an expedition to the Arctic regions, equipped at the expense of Sir Felix Booth. He received the honour of knighthood, together with the Companionship of the Bath, December 24, 1834, and in March, 1839, was appointed consul at Stockholm, where he remained a year. During the war Sir John Ross, in three different actions, was thirty times wounded. In consideration of his services he was presented by the Patriotic Society with a sword valued at £100, and for services rendered by him in the Baltic he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Swedish Order of the Sword. He was also a knight of several other foreign orders. Among other works, Sir John wrote, "Letters to Young Sea Officers," "Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Saumarez," and a "Treatise on Navigation by Steam." By his death a good service pension lies at the disposal of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

**FUNERAL OF THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.**—The remains of the Earl of Shrewsbury were interred in the Castle Chapel, Alton Towers, with great ceremony. The whole of the interior of the chapel was covered with black cloth, divided into panels by broad silver broidery. On the front of the pulpit, also covered with black cloth, was the escutcheon of the deceased, in a frame of silver. An armorial shield, with two talbots rampant, surmounted by a coronet, in a silver frame, ornamented each of the panels in the chapel. From the choir was suspended a black drapery, with scrolls twice crossed, on which was inscribed, "In hoc signo spes mea." The coffin was placed on a lofty pier within the chancel, and covered with a splendid pall of black and crimson velvet, deeply edged with gold fringe, with the motto of "Prest d'accompagnir" worked in letters of massive gold. The coronet of the deceased nobleman was placed on the coffin, resting on a crimson velvet cushion fringed with gold. On each side were three brass candelabra, containing numerous wax candles, and six immense wax candles in massive stands were placed on the screen immediately over the sanctuary, which was also illuminated. A chandelier, filled with waxlights, was suspended in the centre of the chapel, and when the whole were lighted up, daylight being carefully excluded, the effect produced was of the most solemn grandeur. The Rev. Dr. Winter, the Rev. M. O. Sullivan, deacon, and the Rev. J. P. Dowling, celebrants, chanted a solemn requiem, the responses being given in beautiful harmony by the choir. The pall was then removed, displaying the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with armorial devices richly worked in massive gold, and it was then deposited in the vault prepared for its reception on the south side of the altar. On the evening before the funeral of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, a paper was found amongst the documents of the deceased Earl, with the superscription in the handwriting of his Lordship, "To be opened at my death." The paper was dated the 6th of January in the present year, and was as follows:—"If I die at Rome, I wish to be buried in the Church de Jesus; if I die nearer to Rome than to England I wish to be buried in the Eternal City; but if not, I desire that my remains be brought back to England." He died at Lisbon, which is much nearer to England by water than to Rome, and to his native country his friends brought his remains.

**FUNERAL OF THE LATE S.R.W. TEMPLE.**—The remains of the Hon. Sir William Temple, K.C.B., the only brother of Viscount Palmerston, were taken from London to Ramsey on Friday evening. On Saturday the 30th ult., the body was consigned to its last resting-place, under the west window of the Abbey Church, in a vault in which eight members of the noble family of Palmerston repose. Every precaution which modern sanitary science has made known was followed. The coffin, surrounded by powdered charcoal, was to be bricked in, and a small tubular shaft projected from the vault, through the wall, to the outside. The funeral was private and unostentatious. Ten of the family and private friends only attended. Viscount Palmerston was chief mourner. The shrouds were shut, and a general sympathy felt and expressed for the Noble Premier in the loss he has sustained.

**BUCKLAND'S BURIAL-PLACE.**—The remains of Dr. Buckland were deposited, on Friday week, in a most characteristic resting-place, in the solid rock below Iship. The rock was blasted, and the body was interred in a cavity lined with Portland cement to keep out the water. Dr. Buckland has left by his will all the curious contents of his museum at Oxford to the University.

**THE SHREWSBURY ESTATES.**—Further inquiries have strengthened the first intelligence that the estates of the late Earl of Shrewsbury were partly divisible and partly inalienable. Haythrop, in Oxfordshire, and the other estates that belonged to the earldom at the period of the Revolution, came, we believe, under the operation of the act which was passed by the influence of the then Duke of Shrewsbury, and as the late Earl did not conform to the Established Church at the age of eighteen, or at any time before or since, his right to execute a disentailing deed will be contested by Earl Talbot, as soon as he establishes his claim to the earldom of Shrewsbury, in a committee of privy council in the House of Lords. As to the Alton Towers and the other estates which were added to the patrimonial domains since the reign of Queen Anne, we believe there is very little doubt as to the right of the late Earl to dispose of them by will, as he has done.

**LOSS OF THE SHIP BEN AVON.**—The Ben Avon, Captain Scott, sailed from London on the 10th of March, and arrived off Amoy on the 16th of June, when she was caught in a typhoon of unexampled violence, and was eventually totally wrecked on Hoc-Loc Point, a place about thirty miles northward of Amoy. The captain's wife, the owner's son, and several passengers were drowned; the survivors arrived at Amoy on the 24th of June, on board a lorchha. The cargo, which was valued at about £30,000, was nearly all washed on shore, and carried into the interior by the natives.

**THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON** has just sent, as a gift to the Emperor Alexander, a splendid copy of the work attributed to Thomas à Kempis, "De Imitatione Christi!" This is a small circumstance, but it suggests some grave reflections when the first smile is over.

### CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

MOSCOW.

WHEN St. Petersburg is, for the time, all but deserted, and when the Russian Court, with the regalia and those ladies who are said to have a high reputation for beauty without deserving it, and the ambassadors extraordinary, and the representatives of foreign nations, are transferred to Moscow; and when Moscow is crowded to stranding, the servants of the hotels turned out of their beds (such as they are) to sleep on the wharfs, and the ordinary population of about the third of a million swells including military, to more than a million, it is natural that the approach of Europe should be turned to the ancient capital of the Czars.

At any time Moscow, as regards external aspect and historical association, is decidedly one of the most remarkable of cities. What writer has given evidence to this effect? Madame de Staél calls Moscow "The Bonn of the North;" and others describe it as second only to Constantinople among the capitals of Europe. Everywhere picturesque, Moscow surprises the visitor with wonder. When he is approaching from the north, the eye roams over the turrets of convents and the keeps of domes, the numerous gilded spires of chapels, towers and battlements of palaces roofs composed of painted tiles, multitudes of copper cupolas glittering in the sun, sparkling chains and metallic roofs, oriental domes, and golden crosses, everywhere shining brightly in the sun.

Moscow began to spring up about the middle of the twelfth century some three hundred years after the Northman-chief, Rurik, and his brothers had sailed into the Neva, to found what is now the Russian empire; and the town has since passed through such vicissitudes of war and devastation as render it most interesting in a historical point of view. Having been taken by Tamerlane, and subsequently burned by the Tartars, the city on the Moskowa continued the capital of the Muscovite empire, till Peter the Great resolved upon transferring his Court to the banks of the Neva, with its full stream and smiling face. The Czar made choice of a singular site. Between Finland and Ingria was a marshy island, which, during summer, was a heap of mud, and in winter a frozen pool. Growling bears and howling wolves had hitherto haunted the spot; but, resolute in his purpose, the Czar, bringing men from parts of his dominions, cleared forests, erected mounds, and laid the foundations of St. Petersburg. Though inundations demolished the works, and fever carried off the workmen, the Czar persevered in his undertaking, and, in 1744, he removed the court thither from Moscow.

Nevertheless, Moscow by a kind of political fiction, continued a city as well as St. Petersburg. Winchester, with all its glories, has never since the days of our second Henry, been to the English what Moscow is to the Russians. What Rome is to Papists, and Mecca to the Mussulmen, Moscow is to the Muscovites. They regard it with national and religious enthusiasm, as the cradle of their empire and the metropolis of their church. In the Kremlin it is that the autocrat still assumes the crown, and, within the palace, everything is still kept in readiness for his reception, as if it were his ordinary residence.

Moscow has recently, in the eyes of foreigners, derived its chief historical interest from the sublime sacrifice, which, in 1812, the inhabitants made rather than submit to the victor of Austerlitz—the conqueror of continental Europe. After the battle of Borodino—that battle which cost so much blood—Napoleon entered Moscow; but the Governor had previously evacuated the place, at the head of 40,000 persons, and caused it to be set on fire in 500 places. During the terrible conflagration that followed, no fewer than 12,840 houses were burned to the ground, besides places and churches; and the flames wreathed around the horse of Napoleon as he hurried through the narrow streets.

Before that memorable conflagration Moscow was described by our travellers as surpassing in splendour the finest of European capitals—in poverty, the poorest of European villages. One of them said it looked as if four hundred castles of the nobility had been transported thither, each carrying its attendant village of wooden cottages. Wretched hovels were blended with magnificent palaces; lowly cottages stood next to stately mansions; and some parts looked like a sequestered desert, thinly scattered with huts, pigsties, garisons, dunghills, brickwalls, churches, palaces, warehouses, and timber-yards.

After the fearful fire of 1812, Moscow was a sad and touching spectacle. Up to 1814 at least, the whole circular space of twenty-five miles' circumference looked black and dreary. Streets lying in ruins, disjointed columns, mutilated porches, broken cupolas, and walls of ruined stuccoes, these were what the visitor saw of the old capital of Muscovy.

But years passed on; and the work of re-construction was undertaken with energy. From its ashes, Moscow arose much grander, more extensive, more regular than it had been; and while in some respects retaining the aspect of an ancient city, possessing all those advantages of which no cities can boast—arsenals, observatories, botanical gardens, and a university, with a hundred professors. Abandoned in some measure by its sovereigns, and no longer the seat of a court, Moscow takes kindly to commerce. Indeed, the talent for traffic lies deep in the Russian blood; and even children show a readiness in mercantile affairs, which in other countries is only exhibited by traders of long experience. Moscow, from its geographical situation, is the centre of the internal commerce of Russia; and of late years, the manufactures have increased so much that more than 20,000 of the inhabitants depend on this branch of industry. More than all this, Moscow has a tincture of freedom, stands at times upon her dignity, and even exercises the privilege of asking explanations from her despotic rulers, as London was in the habit of doing from the Norman Kings of England.

Most interesting among the historic edifices of Moscow is the Kremlin, which—having previously existed in a temporary form—was reconstructed in 1485 by two Italian architects, Marco and Pietro Antonio, who had for that purpose been invited to Moscow by the terrible Czar. The Kremlin became a town in itself, including, besides the palace, two objects of much interest, the magnificent churches of the Assumption and St. Nicholas. The solidity of the ramparts exceeds that of the rocks on which they stand, and the massive walls, a chain of mountains, the lowest, with small windows and loopholes, tapering to the sky. Custom it is, we think, who calls the Kremlin "a varied landscape in stone."

And from the Kremlin what a view! What a gay-looking city, with its gilded domes, its golden crosses, its cupolas bespangled with stars, its roofs gaily painted, its lofty spires, its palace-like buildings, its irregular streets, its pleasant gardens, and "the seven hills" on which Moscow is built rising from the banks of the Moskowa, all too narrow and scanty of water to flow past such a magnificent abode of men.

At the same time it should be remembered that Moscow, fair as it looks from the Kremlin, is not without inconveniences to a stranger. The dirt of the streets is peculiarly troublesome to the eyes, being as small as the finest ashes, and mosquitoes buzz about in clouds. But then the scene is so gay and busy, that one forgets such minor evils. The inhabitants being almost as fond of ease as of tea, and too Asiatic to walk more than they can help, thousands of vehicles are constantly hurrying about in all directions. Here military men are lounging about with a pretty good idea of the importance of their profession; there monks are passing along in their long black gowns. About this place there is altogether an air of liberty which is not perceptible at St. Petersburg, and which the Czars not supposed much to relish.

And now Moscow looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint and lime, and varnish, have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern; while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets, and spires of Moscow, a splendour and resplendence which can only be appreciated by being seen.

Boyards are pouring into town in extraordinary-looking old equipages. But not only the Boyards come to pay their respects to their Czar. The streets are literally crowded with wild Cossacks, handsome Georgians, pale Circassians, fierce Kirgisians, foppish Persians—all come to see the sight and pay the regulated homage to their sovereign lord.

**THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION.** Kohl, in his work on "Russia," remarks, that what the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow. The abode of the ancient rulers of Muscovy has been replaced by the "New Kremlin," completed in 1850, containing several palaces, and adorned with the finest statuary and sculpture. Enter the Church of the Assumption

tion, as it stands ready for the coronation ceremonial, and what a scene of barbaric magnificence, historic reminiscence, and political suggestiveness is presented! Passing through a darkened vestibule, you are almost dazzled by a blaze of gold and colour. The walls are covered with frescoes and mosaics, in heavy gilt frames, and the great central pillars that support the cupolas are decorated in a similar manner. Although the church is small, the loftiness of the ceiling gives it a most imposing appearance; and the vague indistinctness with which the comparative gloom enables you to take in the details, produces in the mind a peculiar feeling of awe and reverence. Greek priests are chanting their vespers in one corner, carpenters are hammering away in another at the gorgeous estrade upon which the Emperor is to kneel, while the metropolitan anoints his head, and everything is resplendent with gold, and velvet, and ostrich feathers.

The preparations for the great event have engrossed all available labour. Scaffolding has been erected for spectators all the way from the Petrovski Palace into the town—the road by which the Emperor makes his entry. On the Chodynski fields also, where there are to be tables laid for the entertainment of several hundred thousand persons, immense scaffolding and stands have been erected for spectators, who prefer to look from a distance on the motley throng that may be expected to take part in the diversions prepared for them there. All the church steeples are decorated or surrounded with framework for the illumination, innumerable triumphal arches are erected, and all the houses have been renovated, and have put the best face upon matters. In the environs the troops are encamped; and when the large surface covered with tents is looked down upon from an eminence, the country thereabouts seems as though covered with snow, with patches of black composed of the uncovered earth showing through. The price for a single window to see the coronation procession pass by is said to vary from 150 to 200 silver roubles.

#### BLESSING THE WATER AND APPLES.

The two important religious ceremonies, the blessing of the "water" and the "apples" used in the ceremony of the coronation, took place early in August.

The first was solemnised at Peterhoff, in the presence of the Emperor, on a small piece of ornamental water, consecrated for the purpose. The Greek prelates and priests walked in procession, dressed in their most gorgeous vestments, followed by the Imperial family, also walking, and when they came to the waterside the Cross was plunged in, the choristers singing a solemn chant as the officiating prelate performed the rite. The distance from St. Petersburg prevented the presence of many strangers. Some English faces were seen among the crowd. The second, "the blessing of the apples," a ceremony which forms an indispensable preliminary to the mastication of that refreshing fruit, took place in every church throughout St. Petersburg, but with peculiar pomp in the Kazan Cathedral, by the metropolitan and fifteen officiating priests. The costumes were most gorgeous, and the archbishop, who was robed in the middle of the church, was one blaze of gold and jewels. The ceremonies, which seemed exceedingly complex, consisted of numerous genuflexions and symbolic groupings on the part of the priests, who formed themselves into squares, triangles, and other figures, typical of the Trinity, the Tabornade, and the various data of Eastern Christianity. The congregation, amongst whom there was no classification, and who stood the whole time of service, was of the most varied appearance and character. Russian princes, and generals covered with decorations, prayed side by side with the poor mujik, and both seemed equally impressed with the solemnity of the occasion; while the Russian countess, in the most fashionable Parisian toilette, did not feel her dignity ruffled by the vicinity of the poor Lavoian or Finland woman, whose quaint national costume gave wonderful variety to the scene. In the churches here there are no carefully stuffed pews or separation of ranks—all pray together, and perform their genuflexions, which are exceedingly numerous, in the same earnest and profoundly devout manner.

After the service came a sermon. The preacher, Sydowski, is a man of great eloquence and talent, and, in consequence, of so much influence amongst the masses as to be almost a power in the State. He has, it is said, suffered persecution from his more conservative brethren for his advanced opinions; but, however that may be, he is now one of the most popular preachers in the capital. His text was, "The Lord is my strength and my shield;" and his discourse, which he dexterously applied all through, not only to the text, but to the occasion, was, judging from the rapt attention and occasional emotion of the people, most eloquent. At the conclusion of the sermon the Metropolitan came forward and solemnly blessed the people, the apples, and finally himself, and a hymn of almost unearthly solemnity terminated the ceremonial.

#### THE CZAR AND THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

As a preliminary to the proceeding at Peterhoff, the Czar attended Divine service in the church attached to the palace, and exclusively devoted to the Court. The Czar Alexander is a slight, well-made man, above the middle size, but nothing approaching the Jovian-like proportions of the late autocrat. His face is German, with a mild, almost saddened expression, but full of thoughtfulness and intelligence. His close application to business, which is well known, may affect his looks, and certainly he has by no means the appearance of robust health. He drove up to the palace in an open carriage without the slightest parade, and received into his own hand the petitions of a number of poor women who were permitted thus to approach the fountain-head of authority. There was not the slightest appearance of *hauteur* on his part, nor of undue severity on that of the petitioners, who simply curtseyed in a business-like off-hand way, and retired most composedly.

The Empress is a tall, ladylike woman, but beyond that nothing remarkable. Her toilette was in excellent taste, very similar to that of the Empress Eugénie, whose figure is not unlike that of the Czarina. The young archdukes are all fine hearty little fellows, give the salute with true military precision, and look quite smart in their tiny uniforms, each being of course colonel of a regiment. The Czar himself wore the dress of the Gardes à Cheval, one of the plainest in the service. After church came the court, the presentations, and the decoration (the presentation of the Legion of Honour), and all the while the grand fountains played, and the people on the terrace could divide their attention between the glittering crowds that filled the windows of the palace, the grim gigantic Cossack footmen in full national costume, the splendidly-dressed negroes, the relics of more barbaric times and courts, and the murmuring cascades on the other side, through whose long vista of diamond spray they could see the Gulf of Finland, fit terminus to the perspective as seen from Peterhoff Palace.

One day last month, sacred among the Russians for visiting the graves of their departed kinsfolk and friends, which are all outside the town, and chiefly amid the shady groves of the Vassili-Ostroff, a long and beautiful island, all St. Petersburg went, with baskets of flowers to deck the graves, to Vassili-Ostroff, and stayed mourning and drinking above each sacred spot upon the sylvan island. During the day, an Imperial yacht from Peterhoff moored at the landing-hut of the English quay, on the opposite bank. The Czar, with the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicholas, landed. A phæton and two horses drove up to meet them—no troops, no escort, not even a footman, attended the modest equipage. A slight hesitation occurred—a scarcely perceptible awkwardness—ere the august party moved towards the vehicle. This pause was thus broken—Constantine looked at his brother, and, slightly touching his hat, said, "Moshna?" that is, "May I (get in)?" The Czar made a gesture of assent, and Constantine entered first, taking his seat at the further or right side; Nicholas followed, and sat opposite. The Czar then mounted into the place left for him by Constantine, and the phæton drove away. The whole thing passed in a moment. There was the greatest simplicity in the little arrangement, but evidently a rigorously respectful etiquette is observed towards the Czar by his brothers, one of whom, at least, has been so often alleged to be very independent and cavalier in this regard. Nicholas, the youngest brother, will be like the late Czar both in feature and stature. He is growing into a colossal figure.

The Empress-Mother, who has returned from her German tour, and re-signed her intended Italian excursion, in order to be present at her son's coronation, disembarked, amidst salutes of artillery and the cheers of many

thousand pleasure-seekers and excursionists, at the beautiful garden pier of Peterhoff. The Dowager looks jaded; but she is health itself compared with what she appeared when leaving Russia after her great bereavement, and the dark going down of Nicholas's sun.

#### THE CORONATION CARRIAGES.

When the time for the Czar's journey drew near, the excitement visibly increased, and every train for Moscow carried immense consignments of carriages, furniture, horses and valuables. Some of the Imperial carriages, which had not been sent on, were displayed in the Zachary Oulitsa, and it is impossible to imagine anything much more gorgeous.

The carriages for the Czar, Czarina, and their immediate personal Court alone were to have been thirty-two in number, although it is now said that five of them will be finished too late for the appointed time. About two-thirds of them are new; the rest had only to be repaired, regilt, and new fashioned; yet the expense of the double order amounted to 275,000 silver roubles, or about £47,000 sterling—say £1,500 a piece. Nevertheless, the unsparing cost is really the least part of them, in the vulgar and ordinary sense, although it may be considered as not only having procured the matter, but the manner. A gentleman named Bannister, an Englishman, is maker of the carriages, though for all the Oriental embellishments a multitude of artists have been employed. The very wheels are a curiosity of workmanship. They are inlaid and enamelled; and the spokes do not radiate straight from the centre, but, regular in a kind of fantastic irregularity, answer their own caprices in opposing curves, which compose a strange fantastic tracery, and produce the effect of a flamboyant window, all alive with lines, characters, and colours, which, as they flash over the ground, are shot into each other, and form a rich wool of ever-fleeting and ever-returning tints and gleams. The panels are not painted, but they are paintings, rather. Paintings of high excellence and value are let into the golden and jewelled walls, as it were, of miniature boudoir—paintings inside, and paintings outside. All that does not tell a story to the eye, or trace a poem to the imagination, seems of solid gold. This material appears as the very groundwork, which makes room and gives place only that it may receive and frame some beautiful scene or striking group, whose value is of a different kind and of a higher order than that of the precious metals. The harness, housings, and trappings blaze with gold. The stud of blood horses which will draw these "golden carriages," as they are called, are worthy of the vehicles.

Perhaps, despite the magnificence and taste of the new equipages, one old carriage will excite more interest than all these. It is the same coach in which the Empress Elizabeth went to her coronation 115 years ago. It is restored to the state in which it bore into Moscow, in the year 1741, the Imperial daughter of Peter II.; and certainly a good deal of curiosity has been elicited by this old relic, which is now to carry the present Empress in the forthcoming procession.

#### THE LORD AND AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

The chief interest attached to the official programme of the coronation at Moscow, arises from the circumstance that every word of that curious document having been carefully weighed, and every ceremonial having a peculiar significance, it may be considered as a sort of manifesto respecting the relative positions of the Czar and his people. The sacred character of the monarch, and his absolute and uncontrollable power over and property in his subjects, are clearly indicated. He is the lord and autocrat of All the Russians. In the triumphal entry into Moscow, he is surrounded by a staff purely military, and it is a taking possession of the ancient capital of the empire. On his road the priests meet him with banners, crosses, and holy water; and the whole population stands uncovered, as when some ultra-holy relic passes in procession. The halt for the public adoration of the image of Our Lady of Iversk by all the Imperial family is a profession of the orthodox faith for the edification of the multitude. At the threshold of his palace, after receiving the homage of the superior clergy, he is presented with bread and salt by the chief officers of his household, in the same manner as every proprietor is welcomed by his peasants on arriving at his estate; and throughout the ceremony of the coronation the two great officers constantly in attendance upon him are the Minister of his Household and the Minister of War; the civil power is throughout subservient to the army and to the church. But his position as the actual and positive head of the church is as clearly defined. The metro, olitans do not ascend to the platform of the throne, but, having received the regalia from the proper officials, they lead them to the Emperor, standing on the last step but one, and he places the crown on his head himself, holding his sovereignty from no earthly power, receiving its outward evidences only from the ministers of God. In taking the sacrament, it is administered to him within the sanctuary, and in the same form as to the priesthood, in acknowledgment of his priestly character; but it was not until the reign of Peter the Great that the subserviency of the clergy to the crown was thoroughly established.

#### THE CZAR'S SOLEMN ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

On Wednesday, the 20th ultimo, the great crown of the Russian empire was borne in state from the railway station, through the heart of Moscow, to the Kremlin. A mob of some twenty or thirty thousand persons had assembled to witness its arrival. Detachments of the Cavalier Guard, of which corps her Majesty the Empress is colonel, escorted the carriages. At the same time it was known that, on the 29th, the Czar would come from Petrovski, and as much excitement was anticipated as when the terrible Ivan won no end of popularity, by tossing the favourite of his mother into the street to be devoured by dogs.

The morning of the day fixed upon for the solemn entry of the Emperor into Moscow was ushered in by louring clouds and rain. About noon, however, the sun broke through, and the afternoon was bright, and calculated to show off the gorgeous procession in advancing.

A little after mid-day, a salvo of nine guns from a battery posted opposite the Tehoudow Convent, followed by a peal of bells from the Cathedral of the Assumption, gave the signal for all the bells of Moscow to be set ringing. As soon as the hurricane of clangor broke out, actors and spectators of all ranks and degrees hurried to their posts.

About three o'clock the Imperial procession left the Petrovsky Palace. First came a "Maitre de Police," with twelve mounted gendarmes to clear the way. The Czar was preceded by his body-guard in their magnificent uniforms, squadrons of Cossacks of the Black Sea and of the regiment of Guards, the representatives of the *haut noblesse* on horseback, all in uniform, the representatives of the Asiatic population which acknowledge the sovereignty of Russia, with valets, lackeys, and runners of the court. After this mixture of European and Oriental costumes, came Masters of Ceremonies and others with their badges of office. After this train, in which European and Oriental finery were strangely mingled, came the Czar on horseback, attended by his Ministers and Aides-de-camp. The Princes of the blood followed, all on horseback. A long train of splendid carriages came next in order, containing the Empress, the Empress-Mother, the Grand Duchesses, and the Princess of Oldenburg, followed by their ladies of honour. Squadrons of Cuirassiers closed the procession.

At four o'clock, a salvo of seventy-one guns announced that the Czar was entering his ancient capital. The Military Governor-General of Moscow received him at the entrance of the city. The magistrates and burghers of Moscow received him at the entrance of the quarter called Bzmienoi Gorod. The marshal and the nobility of the government of Moscow received him at the entrance of the quarter called Bzlo Gorod, and the Civil Governor and the civil authorities of the city at the Gate of the Resurrection. Here a brief halt took place, during which the Emperor, the Empresses, and the Princes and Princesses of the blood, dismounted and knelt before the image of Our Lady of Iversk. This ceremony over, the procession again moved onward; was received at the Gate of the Saviour by the Commandant of Moscow and his staff; and in front of the Cathedral of the Assumption, by the Directing Senate. All along the route of the procession the houses were decorated and the clergy stationed at the gates of their respective churches with their images and crosses. The acclamations of the assembled multitudes were enthusiastic, and distinctly heard above the din and clamour of the bells.

The Emperor, the Empresses, the Princes, and the Princesses, descended from their horses and carriages in front of the Cathedral of the Assumption, at the stair which is called Krasnoé Krylto. Intelligence of this

event was forthwith thundered forth by a salvo of eighty-five guns. The portion of the Imperial *cortege* which preceded their Majesties kept on their way round the cathedral, and such as had the *coupe* entered it by the north gate. The officers of the Court completed the circle of the building, and stationed themselves in front of the south gate, to await the coming out of their Majesties. The Holy Synod, and the functionaries of the cathedral, met their Majesties at the *pocaris*, and preceded them into the church, chanting the second canticle for Palm Week. After kissing the images and reliques, their Majesties proceeded to the cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Annunciation, in both of which the ceremony of kissing the images and reliques was gone through. In the cathedral of St. Michael they also prostrated themselves before the tombs of his Majesty's ancestors.

On leaving the cathedrals, the Czar, accompanied by the Court, walked to the Palace of the Kremlin. At its gate they were received by the court clergy with the cross and holy water. The Archbishop of Moscow here presented the Emperor with bread and salt; and immediately afterwards a salvo of 101 guns announced that the Imperial family had entered the palace of their ancestors.

Next week we shall illustrate these preliminary ceremonies, and accompany the illustrations with picturesque details from our special correspondent.

#### THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AUSTRIAN ENVOYS.

Lord Granville is comfortably located in his splendid palace, formerly the residence of Prince Graziano, and the street in which it is situated is a scene of constant bustle. Behind are the stables, where the eleven horses of Earl Granville himself, and others, receive visits, if at home for visitors. The principal of the four carriages belonging to the Ambassador himself, is very neatly mounted in the English fashion (which will make it look all the better in the Russian harnessing), with silver snake-holders, silver binding, and silver full-relief coronets and roof ornaments. A little further down the street, going eastward, rises the Palace of Tolmacheva, where Prince Paul Esterhazy has established his Embassy. It forms two sides of an immense uncompleted quadrangle. Further still, in the same easterly direction, that is, further within the town, is Sir Robert Peel's house, the Dom Saroselukoff, a smaller but very elegant and elegantly equipped mansion. The Marquis of Stafford lives with Sir Robert; and the kit and Highland dress, as it fits in and out of the frequently opened door, attracts a still larger crowd of starets who frequent the porch of the British Embassy.

Count Morny on the evening of the 22nd thundered into Moscow. For nearly a quarter of an hour the long file of his carriages and of those belonging to the various persons who came with him was heard as it swept by every point along the line to his splendid residence in the Tverskaya. As he rents in St. Petersburg the palace of Prince Woronzoff-Dashkoff, so he rents in Moscow that of Prince Khoroskoff.

Count Morny is already a very great favourite with the Russians. Obvious means of winning the Russian heart has certainly not been neglected by him. M. de Morny's mode of living touches the very chord which most readily vibrates in Russia into goodwill and admiration. Every morning regularly a hundred bottles of Médoc are delivered at his door for the use of his domestic servants till next morning. Among the Russians the number of a great personage's domestic servants is, in the higher and more princely sphere of life, all through the year, that gauge of his social pretensions, which the fur in the collar of his shuba constitutes in more humble station during the winter months.

According to rumour, the Austrian Envoy at the coronation, is expected to be surrounded with a magnificence inferior only to that of the French and English Ambassadors. His diamonds are known to be among the finest possessed by any private person in the world, and far exceed those which several crowned heads could boast; they constitute, it is said, a large part of his entire wealth. These diamonds are actually to decorate his *housings*. The rivalry between the special embassies will be considerable, if we are to judge by a rather humorous indication of it which has already got into circulation. It is said that Prince Esterhazy's agent at Moscow, from having been early in the field, was able to obtain a suitable house for his Serene Highness at the moderate charge of 17,000 roubles a month, but that the Prince subsequently hearing that the British and French Ambassadors were respectively paying 40,000, he indignantly cancelled his contract, and insisted on having a house at the same price. The serene ambition was easily gratified. A new coat of paint, a new name, and a new rate of rental soon brought the original house up to the Prince's notion of what was suitable for the representative of his Imperial master. Earl Granville's house is the admiration of the whole capital, and a tent, now put up in the garden, will be the finest ball-room in Moscow. What lends peculiar interest to Lord Granville's embassy is the number of distinguished persons who accompany it, the arrival of any one of whom even officially, with their large and matchless studs, their carriages, their chests of plate, would have made at all times a considerable sensation. Sir Robert and Lady Peel, who drove about St. Petersburg in her "wide-awake" hat, much to the astonishment and admiration of the Russian fashionables, are much commented upon, on account of the late Sir Robert's fame, tariff, political experiments, and personal fate.

#### THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

The visitor to Moscow, who has within the last few weeks made his way to the centre of the "Beautiful Place," could hardly fail to have been attracted, by the sound of hammers, to the triumphal arch by which the Emperor was to enter the sacred precincts, and find himself in presence of the great bell, which has been so accurately weighed, measured, and described over and over again.

The "Great Bell of Moscow," said to be the largest ever founded—namely, 21 feet high, 20 feet in diameter, and weighing 1,600 tons—after being long buried under the soil, was raised, and in 1836 placed on a pedestal in the Court of the Kremlin.

It is, in truth, a tremendous casting, and if in sounding order would make a most sonorous report. The broken piece lies close beside it, and more than anything else enables one to form a just conception of the size of the bell itself.

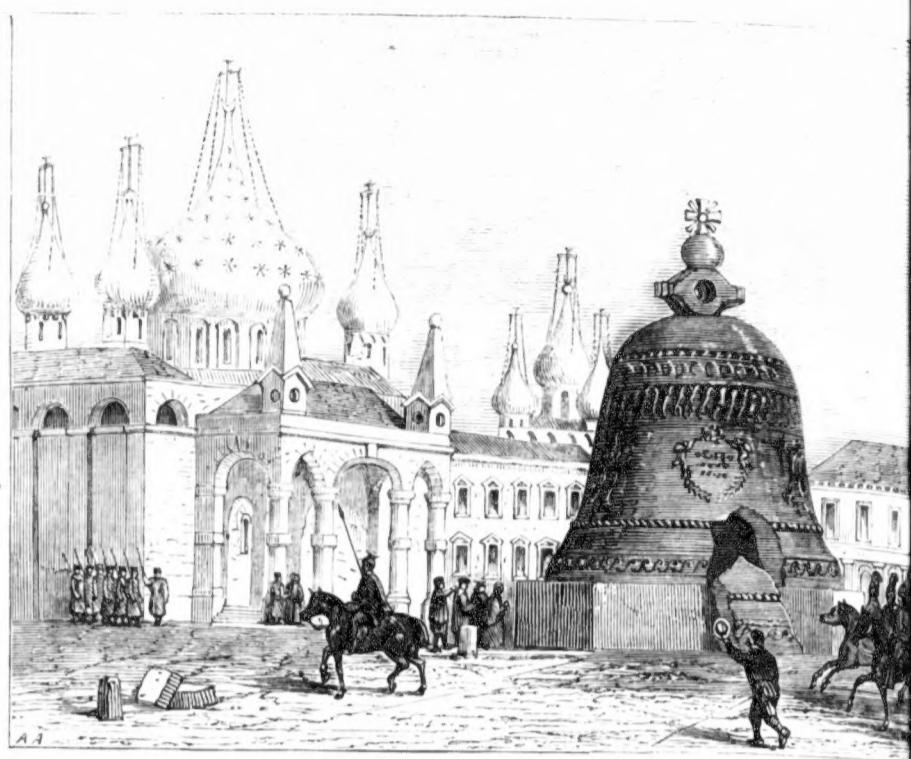
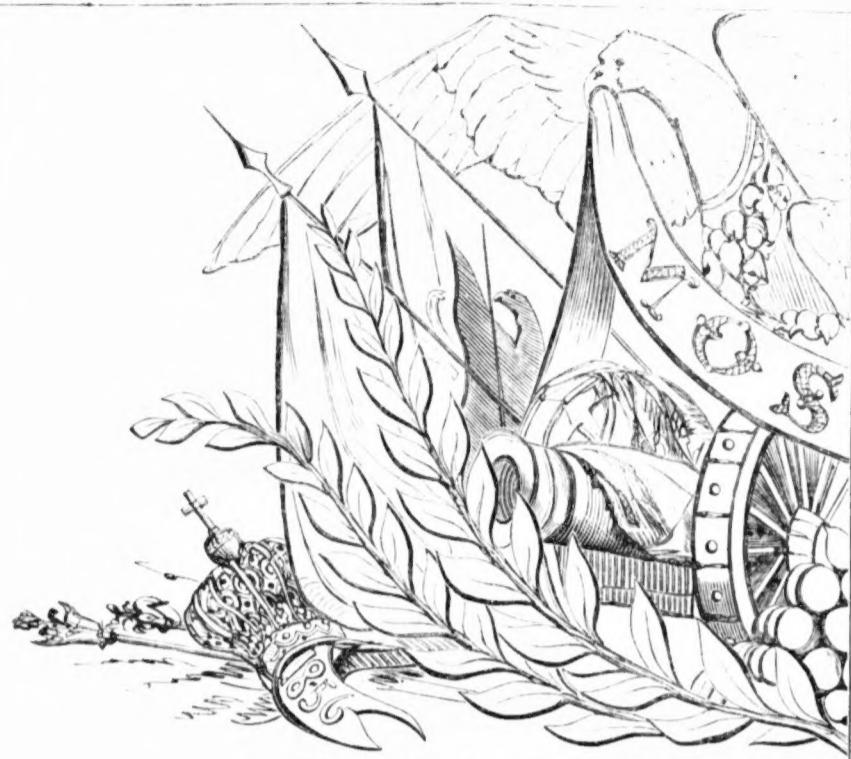
#### PALMERSTON AND THE "CABIES" OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Lord Palmerston will be surprised to learn that the *i-vastel'iks* (the droshky-drivers, corresponding to our "cabbies") hide their horses by shouting his name; and, when the animals are very refractory, subdue them by threatening that the Noble Lord is coming immediately. People fresh from the interior, declare that the same is now the case all over Russia, from St. Petersburg to the Don Cossacks, and from Lake Ladoga to the Caspian Sea.

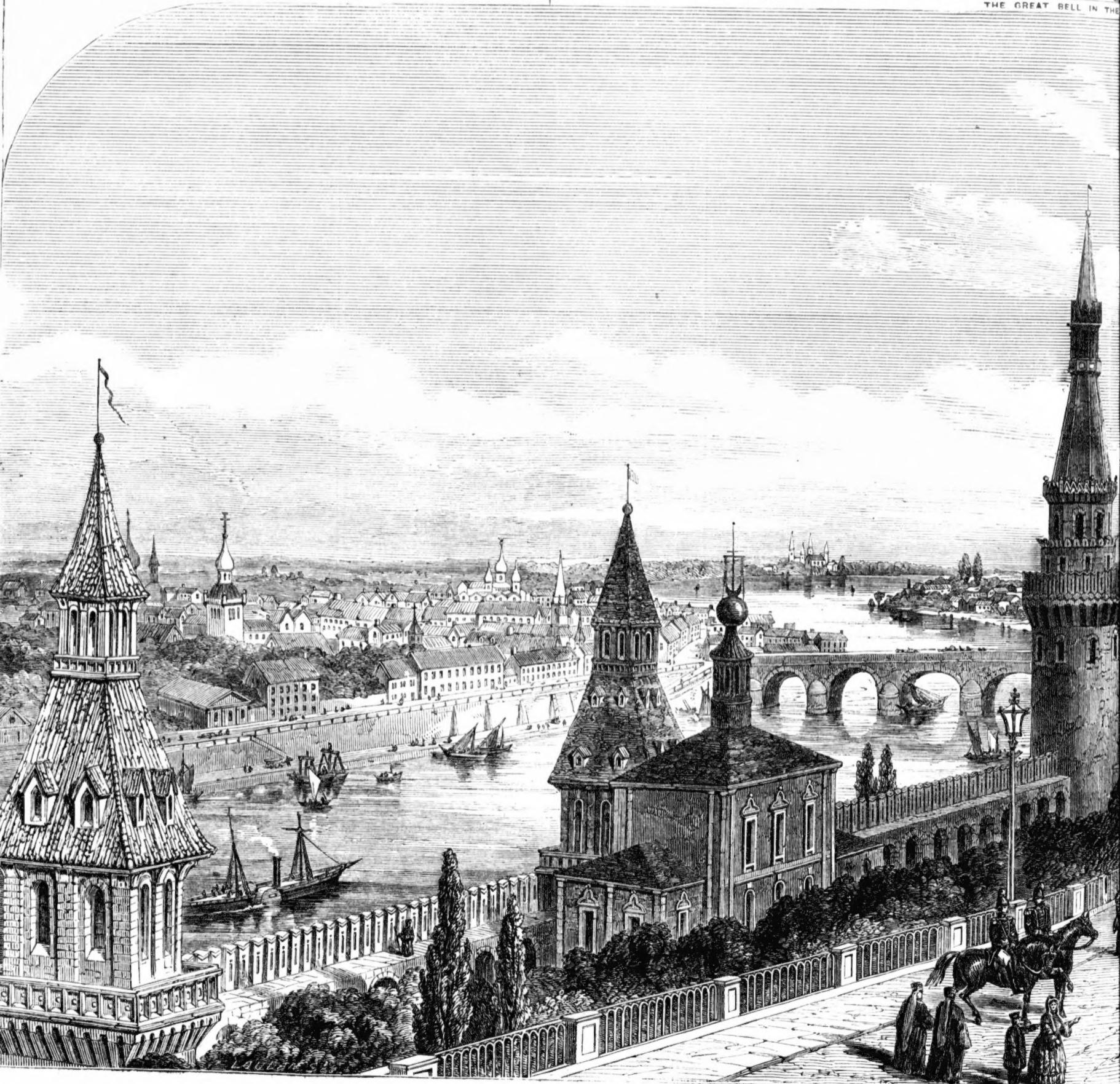
**MURDER OF NEW-BORN TWINS.**—The bodies of two fine children, a boy and a girl (twins), were last week found in the front garden of a house at Penbridge Villas, Notting Hill, wrapped up in a large bundle. They were tied up in what appeared to be part of a recently worn cincture, and a portion of a white petticoat, greatly stained with blood, the whole being covered with a wrapper of black alpaca. An inquest was held on Monday, when the parish surgeon, Dr. Guzzarotti, deposed that both children had lived, and that their physical organisation was unusually healthy. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased infants had been wilfully murdered by some person or persons unknown.

**A WHIRLWIND.**—A whirlwind of great violence passed over the small town of Marsonnas (Saguenay-Lac-St-Jean), on Saturday. It broke a vast skylight in the cupola of the church, swept off wholly or in part the roofs of ten houses, threw down several trees, uprooted or damaged a number of trees, cut through in the middle several large pipes, and injured several persons. It was preceded by a violent clap of thunder, and passed off with extraordinary rapidity.

**SHOCKING CASE.**—At Stilton, on Monday week, a young woman, nineteen years of age, named Martha Crewe, was taken by force from her father's house by the clergyman and constable, in consequence of the cruel treatment to which she was subjected. She had been almost literally starved. Her flesh is all wasted away, and her bones are said to protrude through her skin in several places. The poor creature says the food her father supplied her with was dry bread, and a little salt and water to drink, and a small piece of mutton about once a fortnight. Crewe and two other daughters have been apprehended on a charge of misdemeanour. The excitement in Stilton was so great, that a crowd of women smashed the windows of Crewe's house, and set fire to the window-curtains.



THE GREAT BELL IN THE



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KREMLIN.



FROM THE TERRACE OF THE KREMLIN.

A. Allom del.

## CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT MOSCOW

The numbers of the "Illustrated Times" for Sept. 15th, and 20th, will contain a complete series of engravings illustrative of the singular and gorgeous features of this most magnificent ceremony, with portraits of many of the distinguished personages taking part in it, in their splendid robes of office, and views of all the remarkable edifices in the ancient capital of the Russian Empire, together with the Imperial Regalia and the Jewelled Thrones. The above will be from sketches made by artists who have been despatched to Moscow by the proprietors of the "Illustrated Times."

These sketches will moreover be accompanied by a series of lively and graphic letters descriptive of the ceremony and of the numerous fêtes connected with it, from the pen of a well-known popular writer, who visits Moscow for this especial purpose.

"Illustrated Times" Office, 148, Fleet Street.

\*

Want of space compels us to omit from our present number a graphic account of the

## MEETING OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT BRIDGE-WATER AND BATH,

with accompanying characteristic illustrations and other matters, of greater or less interest. These we shall publish next week.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

## POLITICAL STAGNATION.

This is a phrase which is going the rounds of the press just now, and exciting much comment of one kind or another, especially as it is associated with discussions on the "decay of party," and similar topics. A few paragraphs, showing what it really amounts to, how far it represents a truth, and what the truth symbolises, may not be amiss.

We do not think that journals ought to be too eager to encourage abstract political excitement for the sake of the excitement, as they are (naturally perhaps) apt to do. It is as well that we should not always have "the prerogative," the "right man," and such high topics on the *laps*. Restlessness is not a sign of health. And for a country to be feeling its pulse, applying the stethoscope to its heart, &c., on every little occasion, is a practice likely to create the evils it is intended to guard against. There is a vast deal of good going on in dull times, however little we hear of it. Just now, for instance, the harvest is coming in, the health of London improving, country places are made livelier in trade by the presence of the wealthy, and commerce is increasing. It is obvious that a want of any one of these phenomena would be ill compensated by smart contests for the right to vote in the Registration Courts. "The battle of the Constitution" need not be always raging, in fact, for the Constitution is apt to be shaken by the process, like a ship by its broadsides. Much of the "stagnation" is a re-action after the war, and after '48; it is likewise symptomatic of industrial pursuits being active. And if, further, it shows that we are not so keen about merely political questions, is the last altogether a bad sign?

We think it grows clearer every day that for some time the social will be the really political question; that the country sees no great difference between Liberal Progress and Conservative Progress; that the men who best meet the demand for such changes as trade requires will be the political leaders. "Progress" means material improvement. If the country can get that it is content to take it at the hands of the classes who now govern, let those classes govern only decently. And who opposes this "Progress"? No party now. There are no statesmen who demand one's sympathies on the ground that they dislike it, and would stop it. So, if the country wants nothing else, how does it much matter at whose hands it gets it? The explanation of our quiet is, that we are content to grow rich—a logical result of the Reform Bill, which strengthened the money-making classes. We only see one possible source of a *political* excitement, viz., from the ambition of rising classes to share the political power. But the English do not much seek this power—given prosperity. We shall have more agitation only when we have worse quarterly returns. We get at ideas through facts; we do not try and model facts on ideas. Most Englishmen are not symmetrical in their notions, but, while a thing works tolerably, care little how it looks. Lord John Russell might lose an army with less risk to his family power than he would incur by putting an extra halfpenny on tea. The stability of the altar depends on the stability of the pot. The English drink their beer at present at the sign of the "Howard Arms," or "Grenville Arms," as the case may be, but we should soon see the sign pelted if the beer failed. The blessing of this habit of mind is, that it gives us time to put things to rights. In France they cannot meet a bread difficultly without having to accept a foreign gentleman with a crown on, and pay him handsomely for adjusting their living at the price of most of what makes life desirable.

We should be sorry if the present party disorganisation made the English people indifferent or unjust to the party element. It is perhaps hard to tell in what a nominal Conservative differs from a nominal Liberal; it is certainly foolish to stimulate abstract differences at the expense of practical good. But if we do not have an Opposition, we have no chance of checking the prosperous clique that happens to be in. The advantage of party to the people is, that it enables it to use one section of the governing classes as a check on the other. As a Liberal party too long in power becomes oligarchical, so a Tory one, by being kept out, becomes popular. Can we yet afford to do without this kind of machinery? We think not. If people are too apt to think so now, we fear that it is one of the signs that French, or despotic influence, has too much hold over the national mind. Must we add this last as being the *bad* element in that "stagnation," which otherwise we have shown to have its good sides? Perhaps so. Indeed, we venture to predict that a renewal of political activity will be accompanied by a re-action against that pro-continenta

nal feeling, which has been a little too prominent of late.

Meanwhile, it is ridiculous in politicians to blame public apathy; it is their business to set the example and take the lead. This is the very best time to think over plans of political action, when the country is quiet and prosperous, and laying in a stock of spirits for the stir of some future day.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE GARRISON OF CORNWALL IS very crowded. Conjecture is rife as to the natives for collecting so large a body of men together on so small a spot, where the accommodation for the soldiers is at all times scanty enough.

A MAN lately swam across the Niagaras river, between the falls and suspension bridge.

A REED is again current that another expedition, to be placed in command of Captain Ingoldsby, is to be despatched to the Arctic regions.

THE DISBANDING OF THE SWISS LEGION, now encamped at Shoreham, is being rapidly proceeded with. Every other night or so parties of them, between 100 and 200, sail off by the Calais boats, on their return to Switzerland, via Strasburg or Paris, as they desire.

A BODY OF AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS (1,200) was being conveyed on the Bavarian railway to Mayence, when the train ran off the rails, and six men were killed and thirty injured.

THE BOILER EXPLOSION AT BURY proves to have been caused by exterior corrosion of the plates of the boiler, from the dampness of the brickwork. The plates were in some places reduced from three-eighths to one-eighth of an inch.

IT IS NOT FANNY ESSLER, it now appears, but Thérèse Essler, her sister, whom Prince Adalbert of Prussia married morganatically in 1852. Fanny Essler died at Vienna, and has done so since her retirement from the stage in 1853.

THE FRENCH FRIGATE sent to open political and commercial relations with Japan, came to anchor on the 27th of May, in the roadstead of Nagasaki.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH passed upon Andrew Bracken at the last Liverpool Assizes for the murder of a man named Bates has been commuted to transportation for life.

THE "OBSERVER," speaking with a tone of authority, states that it knows that England is opposed to the union of the Danubian Principalities and believes that France is so likewise.

"MRS. AND MISTER SMITH, from Scutari to Derbyshire." These were the fellow-passengers of voyagers from the East, who little knew that Florence Nightingale was at their elbow, under cover of the name of the good aunt who accompanied her.

THE LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S BODY was carried a box of melons when it went alongside the steamer at Lisbon, to avoid the superstitious feelings of the sailors.

PRINCE DE DEMIDOFF sent a letter from Vienna, who was lately in this city, has been struck, at Kessingen, with paralysis, and is considered in considerable danger.

CONSIDERABLE dissatisfaction appears to prevail in Lower Canada. At public meetings held in Quebec, the existing Ministry has been severely censured.

THERE IS SOME TALK of a matrimonial engagement between Marshal the Duke of Moltkehoff and Madeline Bent, widow of the late Admiral.

MISTER WALPOLE, now gossip, has been appointed chief of the Conservative party, vice Birkenhead succeeded.

THE ENGLISH and French troops are about to evict Greece.

LIVERPOOL, it is understood, will be the scene of the next annual National Temperance gathering.

A MAN DIED in the Leicester Lunatic Asylum a few days ago from the effects of being scalded, by having turned on the hot water while in a bath.

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has issued a prohibition against preachers and orators using Victoria Park for addressing their particular circles on Sundays. Some of the doctrines enunciated there are said to have been of a shocking character.

A MERCHANT OF BRUSSELS eloped with a person, abandoning his wife and two children, one of them a minor, and the wife, after a vain endeavour to continue the business, fled the infant to her and then jumped into the river, where the bodies were found.

THE PRUSSIAN CONSUL GENERAL in Warsaw, Herr Von Wagner, who was entrusted during the late war with the protection of British subjects resident in Poland, has lately received from one Queen a gold snuff-box, with no initials richly set in brilliants, as a mark of recognition for the services he rendered during that period to British subjects.

COLONEL STANTON is the British Commissioner for the settlement of the new boundaries in Bessarabia.

ONE J. LAWLER surrendered to the American police on his own confession, he states, that in 1852, being then at Wetherum, Wicklow, he drowned a young woman after abusing her; and, no suspicion falling on him, he escaped from Ireland a day or two after. He has since refrained this confession.

MISS JESSIE MASTON White has applied at King's College, for permission to become a candidate for the degree of "Bachelor" of Medicine; and the Senate is said to be puzzled to decide whether or no it can legally comply with her wish.

THE STRIKE OF THE COLLIES AT BARNSTAPLE, which has extended over a period of ten weeks, was brought to a sudden termination on Saturday last, a number of the men having signed articles to work for the proprietors.

MISTER AND MISTRESS H. B. STOWE and party are staying at Glasgow.

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR has subscribed £100 towards the proposed English (Christian) church at Constantinople, which is intended to be a monument to the memory of the gallant men who fell in the late war with Russia.

THE WESTERN QUARTER OF PRESTON, in which great numbers of Irish live, was last week the scene of a series of disorders. The disturbance originated in a quarrel at a public-house, between some Irishmen and Englishmen, and was continued night after night.

THE NUMBER of seafarers who arrived in the Clyde from Ireland during last week has been unprecedented. Several, however, returned to Ireland, having been unable to find employment.

LORD LYONS was instructed, says the "Observer," to remove any Russians from the Isle of Serpents by force, if necessary.

A POULTRY SHOW recently took place at Clifton. One of the conditions upon which great poultry exhibitors compete at these shows, is, that all the eggs laid by their hens while in the pens shall be pecked, that others may not get possession, in an underhand way, of kinds which the owners prize so highly.

ABOUT £1,200 are already subscribed to replace the workmen's tools, lost at the fire at Messrs. Broadwood's, but this falls far short of the amount required, the tools destroyed having been worth between three or four thousand pounds.

IMMENSE bodies of whales have lately dispersed themselves between the North Head and the mouth of the Pentland Firth.

TWO PERSONS have been drowned in the Lake of Geneva, near Veray, by the capsizing of a boat; four other persons and the boatmen were saved.

THE FOLLOWING ITEM occurs in the half-yearly accounts of the Eastern Counties Railway Company:—"To compensations for injuries to passengers, and costs incident thereto, £7,922 10s. 4d." Pretty well for six months.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY has been invested with the Order of St. Patrick.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have made a visit of inspection to Plymouth.

THE NUMBER OF WRECKS reported during the month was 88. In the month of January the number was 265; in February, 171; in March, 145; in April, 157; in May, 112; in June, 84; and in July, 104; making a total in the past eight months of 1,129.

THE NEW CHANCERY ADHESIVE STAMPS, from sixpence to one pound, have been issued. The Chancery fees are now paid by stamps. The stamps for proceeding in the Court of Chancery are to be obliterated when used.

THE LIVERPOOL FIRMS of Messrs. McLarty and Co., and Lamont, McLarty, and Co., have stopped payment, with liabilities to the extent of nearly £100,000. Their losses in the Australian trade and in their Italian steamers have been the cause of this stoppage.

MESSRS. OWEN, HAZELL, AND RICHARDSON, of Southampton, have received orders to prepare for the fitting and decking of the whole of the Franco-American Steam Navigation Company's fleet.

A BAND OF BRIGANDS lately entered Lepishti, in Macedonia, and took away into captivity the schoolmaster of the place with all his scholars; the brigands have demanded a ransom of 500,000 piastres.

THREE FISHERMEN, at Asnières, have discovered an ancient canoe buried beneath a sandbank in the river. From its form it is supposed that it was used by the Normans in their invasion of Paris. It is an immense trunk of oak, about eight feet long, hollowed out and capable of holding sixty men.

THE INFLUENCE POSSESSED BY FRANCE, says the "Débats," over the inhabitants of the provinces of Morocco bordering on Algeria, might doubtless be exercised with profit in the solution of the difficulty to which the mishap of Prince Adalbert of Prussia has given rise.

THE LORD MAYOR, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, states that £30,000 have been sent from London only in aid of the sufferers by the recent inundations in France, and we gather that something like £1,000 still remain on hand.

JUDGE HALLIBURTON (Sam Slick) has resigned his seat on the American bench.

AN ITALIAN BOY, aged eleven years, was playing with another child at Parma when a quarrel ensued, and he stabbed his companion to the heart.

THE LAST HARVEST REPORTS are all good. The fine weather appears to prevail everywhere, and its effect are highly beneficial for the crops of all kinds.

## THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZER is very good this month, and affords ample evidence of careful and judicious editing. All that we see to complain of is, that six articles out of twelve are reviews of books, which seems to us rather an unfair proportion. "Science by the Seaside" is of course a popular subject just now, and this we suppose has secured for the article the place of honour, to which neither its importance nor its merits by any means entitle it. The criticism on Mr. George Gilfillan's "History of a Man" is smartly written, and in it we find the capacity of this northern "windbag" very accurately gauged. The article on the "Prospects of the Indian Civil Service" shows the writer's perfect acquaintance with his subject, and although it contains many clever hints, and discusses the various bearings of the question in a fair and even able spirit, still it is hardly distinguished by that high standard of reasoning which one might expect to have seen brought to bear on a subject of so much importance. The continuation of Mr. Lowe's essay "On Dwarfs and Giants" is alike learned and clever. "Maud Vivian" is a neatly constructed and pleasantly written story, with a good though particularly trite moral in it, and with an air of reality and much quiet observation pervading every page, which are strongly suggestive of master powers on the part of its author. The next article, "Hours with the Mystics," a review of Mr. Vaughan's book, from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is certainly learned and clever. "Maud Vivian" is a neatly constructed and pleasantly written story, with a good though particularly trite moral in it, and with an air of reality and much quiet observation pervading every page, which are strongly suggestive of master powers on the part of its author. The next article, "Hours with the Mystics," a review of Mr. Vaughan's book, from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is certainly learned and clever. "Maud Vivian" is a neatly constructed and pleasantly written story, with a good though particularly trite moral in it, and with an air of reality and much quiet observation pervading every page, which are strongly suggestive of master powers on the part of its author. The next article, "Hours with the Mystics," a review of Mr. Vaughan's book, from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is certainly learned and clever. "Maud Vivian" is a neatly constructed and pleasantly written story, with a good though particularly trite moral in it, and with an air of reality and much quiet observation pervading every page, which are strongly suggestive of master powers on the part of its author.

The review of "Bothwell" is rather weak, or timid, we should perhaps more properly say. Still the critic we are glad to perceive, does not swell the note of praise that has been sounded on all sides in reference to this so-called poem. He sees its true value, but seems to hesitate to condemn it as it deserves to be condemned, simply, we suppose, because this would not be in accordance with the cuckoo note that has already gone forth. Many of his observations are very sensible though, and many are sufficiently deprecatory of Professor Aytoun's performance. His estimate of the Professor's genius is to our thinking the true one. He styles it essentially a reflector, and justly enough observes that he has in no instance shown any originality of conception, but has always been following a lead. His "Lays" were borrowed from Mr. Macaulay's "Lays." His "Bothwell" is built upon the model of Scott, if not after the fashion of some less worthy examples.

BLACKWOOD opens with one of those eternal Scotch subjects—"The Scot Abroad"—again. The writer commences the present paper by telling us that it is an after thought. This afterthought we were certainly disposed to regret, until we had dipped into the article, and found it to be so entertaining that we were no longer disposed to be querulous. "Sketches on the way to Stockholm" are pleasant, if not smartly written. The author has a good eye for the picturesque, and an evident feeling for arts, superior to the common cast of the schools. His remarks on Thorwaldsen have that admixture of strong sense and enthusiasm, without which art criticism is of little worth. But he deals in the main with far more familiar subjects than the genius of a great sculptor.

"The Athelings" is, as usual, very good. "Seaside Studies" are very learned, rather scientific, and a trifle dull. The chapter on Peninsular Dogs is amusing reading. The Brookside Dialogue is more than this; it is suggestive, if not positively instructive. There is a freshness, too, and a vivacity which makes the reader regret when he has conned the last line. The article on Macaulay is the promised continuation of the paper in the last number. It takes the romantic historian, or the historical romancer, to task with reference to his "knack" of making hostile authorities answer his own particular purpose without being at the necessity of falsely quoting them. Of course it is on a Scotch grievance, or rather a series of Scotch grievances, that the writer combats Mr. Macaulay's statements. Such sheets as these, however, won't overthrow him from his pedestal. The Edinburgh professor is no match for the old Edinburgh Reviewer, and as though he felt that he had succeeded but indifferently with his task, he winds up with the stale manoeuvre of exhorting his adversary to turn his talents to better account. In the course of the article he has his fling at Mr. Dickens, for what he styles his visionary calumnies in "Little Dorrit," in allusion, we presume, to his admirably drawn character of Mrs. Clemency.

The DUBLIN UNIVERSITY opens with a paper on "The United States' Navy," some of the main incidents in the history of which it glances at. We have of course a sketch of the career of Paul Jones, and an account of the noted three frigate engagements between the United States and Great Britain during the war of 1812, in all of which the Americans proved victorious. This was accounted for by the disparity of force which existed between the different ships engaged; but as Englishmen had always been accustomed to hear of English arms triumphing in spite of this disparity when the scene of action was their own proper element, the reason for this contrary, though a very good one, was hardly received as satisfactory; and it was not till after the famous ship duel between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* that John Bull would be at all comforted. In that engagement, as every one knows, although the Yankees had the advantage as regards weight of metal and number of men, yet they were most completely licked in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this, too, within sight of thousands of their bragging countrymen. The writer, after gazing at the enormous frigates which are in course of being built for the United States navy, on the model of the *Niagara*—which so-called frigate is equal in tonnage, and superior in weight of metal, to our screw line-of-battle ships—tells us that the Americans are busily engaged in constructing a number of ironclads. Floating batteries, for the defence of their seaboard ports and cities. The *Niagara* is built for the defence of New York is to be 300 feet in length and 40 feet broad, and is to be entirely constructed of wrought-iron plates, seven inches in thickness. Brother Jonathan is evidently bent on turning to advantage the experience gained by the belligerents during the Russian war, and which is, of course, common to all the world. "The Irish in Spain" seems to treat of soldiers of fortune, who emigrated from the Emerald Isle to gather their laurels in various Peninsular struggles; and of course, in such an account the O'Donnells occupy a conspicuous place, and Marshal O'Donnell, the present Spanish dictator, the most conspicuous of all. The continuation of the paper on "Cyprus" is entertaining reading; and so is the review of Mr. Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." Like the other monthlies, the "Dublin University" has its article on "Seaside Occupation," and, as with them, the gathering of specimens for marine aquaria is the particular occupation recommended. This is the crazy characteristic of the moment, and is certainly to be preferred to potichomanie and such like fooleries.

THE TRAIN leads off with two short chapters of "Marston Lynch," which do not advance the story much. They afford Mr. McConnel, however, the opportunity for a couple of good designs, and as regards the box scene at the Cork Street Theatre, he has certainly acquitted himself well. Mr. Hale's "Autumn Lyric" is a lively rattling composition, after an old model of Phanech's. Mr. Draper has one of his pleasant papers, the subject this time being "Lord Lovat," whose portrait, excellently reproduced after Hogarth by Bennett, forms a valuable adjunct to the article. Mr. W. Brough's "Writing Master" has hardly found a true exponent in Mr. McConnel. The latter, in his design, has given us the misshapen figure and the prematurely aged-looking face, but he has missed that indefinite grace the invariable accompaniment of an amiable mind, he being the possessor of it never so ugly. Of Mr. Yates's "Queries" (which, by the way, are very quaintly illustrated), some are smart and sensible enough, others have been often made before, and a few of them there was no necessity to make at all; for instance, why Mr. Walter Savage Landor spells Czar with an initial "T P"—as though it were not frequently spelt so in English, and almost invariably so in other European languages. "Quevedo," by Fries, is a good magazine paper, and "A Word or Two about Women" communicates some singular facts which most of the sterner sex will have till now ignorant of.

## Y THE SEA SIDE—NO. V.

... and this popular, sun-bounding watering-place, was at Margate, and ranker as it's tow-tins in the world. In the height of their prosperity, the inhabitants, who were in full tide of business, grew so proud that they began to encroach upon the fields of their neighbours, and to possess a past Pocock, or we can imagine the misery that would have been hurl'd back at the Margate cooks, were it not they crossed—

"Ramsdale comes, Pococks  
through scrubs, and Margate fails."

They had themselves fastened, then broken, machine-made, to the dock, down to their shirt-tears, and called each other fat ass. But the chart Time, whose remakes no potentates can stop, some wrested the crown from the kings of Margate, and set the whole of that numerous royal family to the struggle, and to the loss of its numerous keepers; whilst, if to much them for "losses," became redemic's key to the ocean's golden hoard, and to the Broad-streets turned into a Indian desert, where no man durst go, of giving to the world a first floor, like the Prince of Wales, or taking up with his eggs. Margate, reduced to its last, reduced in circumstances, was "the doge," to the people, at the corner of every street.

The doge is what is termed vulgar, not is it true, it does not wear a tattered dress before dinner, and likes hot rum-and-water with his tea. It is Rensgate smoking away pipe, with its coat and coat, and it can be compared with the noble Bards or the fairies' son, a corduroy cut a figure beside the youth in the sixpence? Margate is a town track, but Broad-street drives its own.

Younger or the manners of a town by its customs. Margate makes a grand dinner isn't ready at one, whilst Rensgate takes an early one. The four, and Broad-street's the best to have the breakfast things taken away. They consume a vast quantity of ardent spirits. Mr. R. bottled beer is in fashion, at 4/- a bottle of sixpence was cost for the editours. We are told the Margate joints place the Rensgate is a "gentle town," and Broad-street grand and grand, and so on, and no doubt, everybody says.

A visited Margate on a Saturday, being anxious to run down to the celebrated popular watering-place, by which the voices of the husbands and the children "papa's boat" to let us might have an opportunity of entering the conduct of married men, in viewing how they used themselves when away from their better half. We pushed the cart to our trip.

The railway is quiet, but it is expensive travelling, so most husbands travel down by rail, three pence, or 2s. 6d., this is then by train, as Folkestone, and then ship the coach to steam. They tell you they say the "bow upon the water" on the red truth is, they like saving their money, and mind you, papas will go young Henrys, undressed Matys, and large-eating Babs, are forced to do very hard at a sovereign, then they lend it across a counter.

About Friday morning, the papa, who is attending to business in London, receives a letter from manager Margate, telling him that he is to be seen to come down on the Saturday, and giving him then a few directions, what he is to bring with him or order to be done during his absence. He is to be here and go to the grocer's, and buy one pound of ham at 5d., a pound of coffee at 1s. 2d., and a pound of their tea. Best mixed, for my use, at 3s. 8d., as advertised. He is to give the maid-servant, he enclosed letter, which begins "Jane," and is signed "your mistress," and he is to bring down with him the crinoid and thread and trimmings she will fetch from Cobden and Co., the milliners. He is to put in his carpet-box, Carl's pink frock when it comes from the wash, and to tell the cook to clean the parlours, and to buy a bottle of pickled walnuts to tonise the boys' bedsteads taken to pieces, and to see that the maid is busy with their needlework, and to bring with him a breast of veal from Heby's for the Sunday's dinner, because Margate butchers are asking preposterous rates. Lastly, he is not to dine on board, but to have a nice neat tea when he arrives at the Folkestones. This last omission the papas usually break through on the sly, never saying anything about it afterwards, for they prefer the joint and bottled beer in the cabin to the miserably weak tea and scrapings off the cold Saturday's bone so generously provided for them by their prudent wives.

We found the husbands collected together in a crowd at the Fenchurch Street Station, making a tremulous fuss over the hamper, and parcels, and boxes they had brought with them. Some were sprucing themselves up by having their boots cleaned by the Ragged School boys; and with parental sympathy they impeded tenderly into the company of the red-coated lads, saying "Dear me!" when they were told the earnings amounted to ninepence a day, as if it was a very nice income, and calling the institution "a very excellent thing." A few of the papas had, regardless of a scolding, put on crimson waistcoats, and wore shirts as white as the tops of their own wedding-keses, with frills "got up" as prettily as a row of fox-gloves, so that you might have used each plait for a finger staff. There were very few mamas, but they mostly carried brown-paper parcels, which kept coming undone at the corners, and showing variously-coloured stuffs which evidently belonged to frocks and dresses.

Just as the train was starting up came the papa who is always late, looking very warm and pully to running, and as red in the face as the tides of boild heat. The guard shouted out, "Now then, make haste, you Sir?" and he was shot into a carriage like a letter into a post-office, where, regardless of the feelings of his fellow-passengers, he instantly raised the temperature of the compartment by unbuttoning his waistcoat, and letting himself cool, as if he were a furnace, and opening the doors. When we reached the end of our land journey, the husbands were very much surprised to find the wind we left so tranquil in London, very high and blowing in their faces till their stiff whiskers fluttered like down. Somebody said "We shall have a nasty passage, I think," and in a moment red cheeks turned white, like rose-leaves over sulphur fumes. The six husbands we were with became of slate slate-colour, and all inquired in a tone intended to appear indifferent, "Will it be rough?" Hands were thrust out of window to judge for themselves, but there was a flag close by, jerking at the rope, and full of waves as corrugated iron roofing, which afforded but little consolation to the nervous beholders. A gentleman in a pea coat hinted that he liked a rough sea, because it gave him an appetite, and the look the slate-coloured papas gave him was as spiteful and withering as if he owed them a large account and had just failed.

Once afloat, and the husbands made use of the "high wind" as an excuse for dining on board. They revived the theory that nothing was so bad as sea sickness on an empty stomach, and in a body they rushed to the main cabin steps. We never before witnessed so determined a struggle for food. The single-men had no chance. The papas pushed and frowned until they had seized upon the best places. Whilst the modest bachelors, in a timid voice, mildly asked for "a plate, if you please," the husband shouted out, like a corporal to his men, "Am I to stop here all my life without a plate?" If a papa wanted a joint, he spoke as if it were death to disobey him, "that Lamb," or "the beef here," or "more salad," and the dishes were set before him, so that he had nearly eaten himself sleepy before the single-man's "I'll thank you for another slice of ham" had even attracted notice. How they ate, and how they drank, and how they stained the cloth with mustard, it is beyond us to record, but we felt partly avenged by noting that most of them had stained taurish-fronts with beer droppings, so that their wives would find them out. One papa was not aware that he had a large piece of boiled beef fat drop into his wai foot, so that he had to walk all the way to Margate with him.

They seemed to like sitting on the paddle-boxes and letting their legs dangle.

They gave loud shouts for the waiter, and when the lad made his entrance the orders for brandy and water would have made the heart of Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, collapse like a soap bubble.

One of the papas had two little children with him, and consequently

dared not do as he liked for fear they should tell. He had to resort to "the bottle" and kept ordering another and another glass for the children, telling them as he drank it that they would assuredly be sea-sick without such a stimulant. The poor little things had a sop each, about as much as a yesterday's chick would swallow, and then he stirred the bugid into a whirlpool and knowingly cracked the remainder. These children, both under eight years of age, had four large tummels of grog between them.

A fat married man talked about money and business. "Do you know who bought the last lot of sugar?" asked one from Mincing Lane. "I told the whole vestry it was a swindle. I did, by God," exclaimed another from Marylebone. "We had security before sending the goods home," said a third, who looked like a tailor from Regent Street. "We were delighted to see that more than half the husbands were smoking, because we have a sufficient truth in wife's nose, to force a quarrel at thirteen to the dozen."

How extremely jolly the papas were whilst the water was smooth. They winked at each other every time they added another "dead man" to the cluster of black stout bottles under their seats, saying in a sly manner, "This won't do," or, "I can't stand this," and then laughed knowingly as if they knew they were cheating somebody at home. Wait, chit, my friends, to ourselves, wot until Margate is in sight, then you I have to put your bosom straight, and pull on your gloves, and not long, and you're crying balds.

At the third glass of hot brandy and water, some of the naps grew red, and became pink up to the cheek-bones, whilst their eyelids drooped as oil-lamp flame. Then they began to quarrel for the slightest thing. One who was letting the paddle-wheel with his fist, as if he saw a nail sticking up, said he considered something "unsmooth of a headlighted paddling;" to which his friend, whose under lip was getting lump and moist, replied, "He alters paid me like a gentleman." The dispute grew, until in a few minutes one was threatening to give the other "astores" a black-eye ever was took into Margate! and the other replied, "that it's his friend would step down, that tuppenny ha'penny bounce should soon be took out!"

The five or six wives on board seemed horrified at the conduct of the papas. They seemed to be wondering to themselves, whether their near lords "went on" in that style when they were away. What would those magnanimous have given to have known some of the addresses of the renegade husbands? They would have given without tea for a week, if they could only have acquainted a few of the poor things at home with the tricks their gentlemen were up to in their absence.

But the punishment was at hand, for the wives even before we reached Herne Bay, grew to be as big scolds. The vessel rolled and pitched as if it had been a Muppetted to the back of a galloping-sen-horse. The foot dashed over the soles and wetted the Pant's clothes, and trickled down their necks and made their shirt fronts look half transparent like greased paper. Then they got down from the paddle-boxes, thinking it was too early to realise their life insurances, and some walked up and down in a cossard-lightning style, whilst others gave the premonitory symptoms of bengal, by hitting their chests, in coughing, and showing their clenched teeth. The half-emptied bottles of stout were left to grow flat, and the unfinished brandies and waters were allowed to slop themselves and make alcoholic puddles on the deck. Faces turned to the colour of batter, and eyes looked wildly about as if asking for sympathy and aid. How suddenly the laughter and the quarrelling had ceased, and how suddenly some of the Papas jumped up from their seats and ran to the side of the boat! We heard one who was clinging to a rope like a spider when the web is shaken, exclaim, "O dear! if this is what they call the high seas, give me low water, say 1!" and he turned his eyes up as if he were trying to force the apple to the other side and look into his head.

We followed a Papa, who sat all a heap with his eyes shut, like a cock roosting, that Margate was in sight. He faintly uttered, "Thank God!" but never moved or thanked us. We carried the cheering intelligence to another, who was trembling as a couch-spring over the London stones, but he had gone crazy with his sufferings and mistook us for the steward, asking for the reckoning, for he replied, "I've had four quart bottles of stout," and groaned.

At the sound of the call-boy's voice shrieking, "Turn easy a-head!" a new life animated the wretched husbands. They knew that the wives were waiting for them, and their misdeeds filled them with fear. Some rose up and buttoned their coats, and tried to comb their matted hair with their fingers; others rushed off to the after-cabin to beg for small pieces of lemonpeel to remove the smell of the cigars and drinking. We inwardly exclaimed, "The ways of virtue are pleasant as dividends, but lemonpeel cannot cloak the breath of the vicious, and the smell of smoke shall cling to him like a bur."

The crowd of loving wives on the end of the jetty were hanging over the railings, all smiling and waving their hands, and looking as delighted as if every husband had brought a new dress with him. The bonnes bobbed up and down, and the artificial flowers were tossed about in the hurricane of joy till we expected to see the rose-buds, and lilies, and poppies fly off like sparks. Gloves, white, primrose, and lavender, fluttered about like a flight of butterflies. Heads appeared suddenly between the openings in the hedge of dresses, and pushed forward for a peep at the deck, and the children against the railings in front, were so squeezed that we expected to see them come through like paste, and we trembled lest they would be mashed for life, like a steak with the bars of the gridiron.

The boat was late, and the mammas had been kept waiting nearly two hours, which had made them cross and inclined to quarrel with their Jones. When the passengers began to land, a sudden rush was made by the ladies for the balustrade which surrounds the staircase up which the husbands had to mount. As the heads bent over the well-like opening, the curls hung straight down as plummets, and the crowns of the bonnets showed round as the plates over a kitchen-dresser. Little boys who had fathers, but no place for witnessing their ascent of the stairs, climbed up the moister iron crane on one side of the jetty, and made their small legs rusty by circling them around the iron work. The excitement was at its height, and we readily expected to hear three cheers given as the first gentleman made his appearance. He was instantly owned, and whilst he was being led off, we heard the question, "Have you brought the salmon?" put to him. Unless he had put it in his coat pocket or a carpet-bag, he hadn't. Another pale papa rose up like a ghost from a trap-door, and was embraced by a lady, who afterwards snuffed, and observed, "Alfred, you've been smoking!" to which he answered, "It was the funnel;" and retired to be scolded. Some of the papas, when they reached the platform, took up their children, one after another, and kissed them, till the chicks seemed squeezed to bits, and then giving them the umbrella and packages to carry, they walked off, talking with mammas. Among the various phrases at meeting, we may mention the following, as descriptive of the joy felt by the partners for life at once more seeing each other:—"You naughty boy, not to write?"—"Did you get my message about the ginger wine?"—"So you've thought fit to come at last, have you, Sir?"—"How did you leave mother?"—"Have the painters got out of the house yet?"—"Mr. Smith, you're beastly toxicated!" This last sentence was addressed to our launch of venison friend, who was as limp as the neck of a dead goose, and trot on his own toes as he walked away, saying, "Nonsense, Mary—it's you, my angel."

All the little boys seemed to be expecting their papas, and directly a fresh hat appeared, a shout was raised of—"Here he is!" which made one lady, a widow, give her nine-year-old offspring a tap on the head, as she observed, "Adone with your nonsense, Harry, do! and don't be so tiresome."

In a short time all the married couples had gone off homewards, and

nothing but the luggage and the disappointed wives were left behind. These poor ladies seemed terribly vexed, and kept on saying to their companions, "Very old, and it's" or, "I don't understand Mr. Robinson's conduct at all—no letter or nothing?" We heard one friend endeavouring to console a very sylvia matron, saying,

"Perhaps his business details, Charlotte."

"Business?" cried the wife, "business! wot, I do like that! Hal! hal! Don't talk to me of business in Canterbury. That's a pretty idea, certainly, Hal! hal! Mr. Party must get some better excuse than that. Hal! hal! Business! It won't do with me, I can tell him."

Another lady, who seemed very vexed, and was biting the ends of her gloves with disappointment, like one of the porters, "If there would be another boat" that night?" The other answered, "Not unless they is weeks" when made for prop with anger, answering, "Weeks!" on a sudden like a laugh. The matron, who walked about the platform swinging her arms like a man, and followed by three children crying, wanted to go on board the vessel to see if Mr. Tintoret had not fallen asleep in the cabin; and when in office assured her that "if he was to live himself ever so nicely" he "wouldn't be rooted out," the mother explained, "He'd lose it." "What do you mean, fellow?" and retorted with her head up like a goose.

The first appearance of Margate, as we emerged from the iron gateway at the end of the jetty, put us in mind of a large shop window, where everything is treated, for the houses seem to be covered with signsboards or writing on the walls. The hotels had big signs, as wide as aardvarks, running across them, adorned with immense gold letters, as though it were intended that they should be seen miles off at sea. The "York Hotel" is almost as large as the entrance to an sewer, and as for the H, it is as high as a leaping-hare at a ridings-school. It is a pretty town, reminding you at first sight of Boulogne, and as full of bustle as the ladies' dresses at present in fashion. Night is coming on, and most of the open windows were lighted up, making rows upon rows of illuminated patches, and the chemist's bottles at the end of the parade show out so brazenly, that we fancy the ships making for London must often wonder what neighbourhood they belong to. We can't much for those seedy streaks of miserable-looking houses called Lord Crescent and the Marine Terrace. They stand white and naked like rows of teeth, and reminded us of the three streets in the suburbs of London, where bed-rooms are let out to single gentlemen, and all the door-posts have as many brass bell-pulls as there are handles on a chest of drawers.

The town was as hustling as a street market. The windows of the public-houses were thrown up, and groups of smokers could be seen within, with long clay pipes in their mouths, ranged round a table with a brass tobacco-box in the centre. The eating-shop, with its printed list of prices "pastie 2d., tea 2d., cup."

Street music was so plentiful that had we given to each performer, a penny for ten yards would not have cleared us, and that is more than string costs. A poor old tenor, with one high-note, which he gave as often as possible, was singing to a harmonicon accompaniment, under the balcony of a lodging-house; further on a man without a voice was whistling like an owl as he played to a singing boy who was killing himself with Scotch ballads, whilst at the corner of the street an organ man with a powerful wrist sent out such volumes of sound, that for the moment we almost wished that, in the same way as chimneys are ordered to consume their own smoke, street organs might be made to consume their own music.

We entered High Street, passing by the wooden booths where you may buy a walking-stick, and then go into the next and have your hair cut and curled, and afterwards step next door and have a bath, and rushed on in the direction of the bazaar, called the "Boulevard," why we cannot say, any more than we can tell why some sweetmeats are called bull's-eyes, or what alcompain means.

This bazaar consists of a long-necked passage, papered with the history of Telemachus, and leading to a bottleshaped room at the end, where the concerts are given. Under the different scenes in Fenlon's romance were ranged the stalls. Where Telemachus and Mentor had after the shipwreck you could purchase pomatum, tuns, combs, &c., and everything such distressed gentlemen could consider necessary for their toilet after so melancholy an event. At that passage where he is relating his history to Calypso, there were French clocks and chimney ornaments enough to have turned her cave into the most elegant boudoir; and when we arrived at the illustration of the young Greek hunting with the nymphs, we found whoops, rocking-horses, and trumpets in the most sportsman-like abundance. The concert going on in the large room at the end, was both vocal and instrumental, "from the first operas." A crowded audience of gratuitous listeners were seated on the benches around, wondering at the strength of lungs exhibited by a small boy on the cornet-a-piston, and delighted with the little girl in pink who played the piano, her tiny fingers peeking at the notes like so many birds feeding.

Raffling is carried on to an alarming extent at this bazaar. There are four tables for immediate gambling; and hung up against the walls are printed forms for future dicings, more or less filled up, where hundreds of members are to throw for tea-pots, or clocks and lustres, and gold necklets. In one of these forms we observe the names of Maria and Emeline, and hope on goodness they will win.

(To be concluded in our next.)

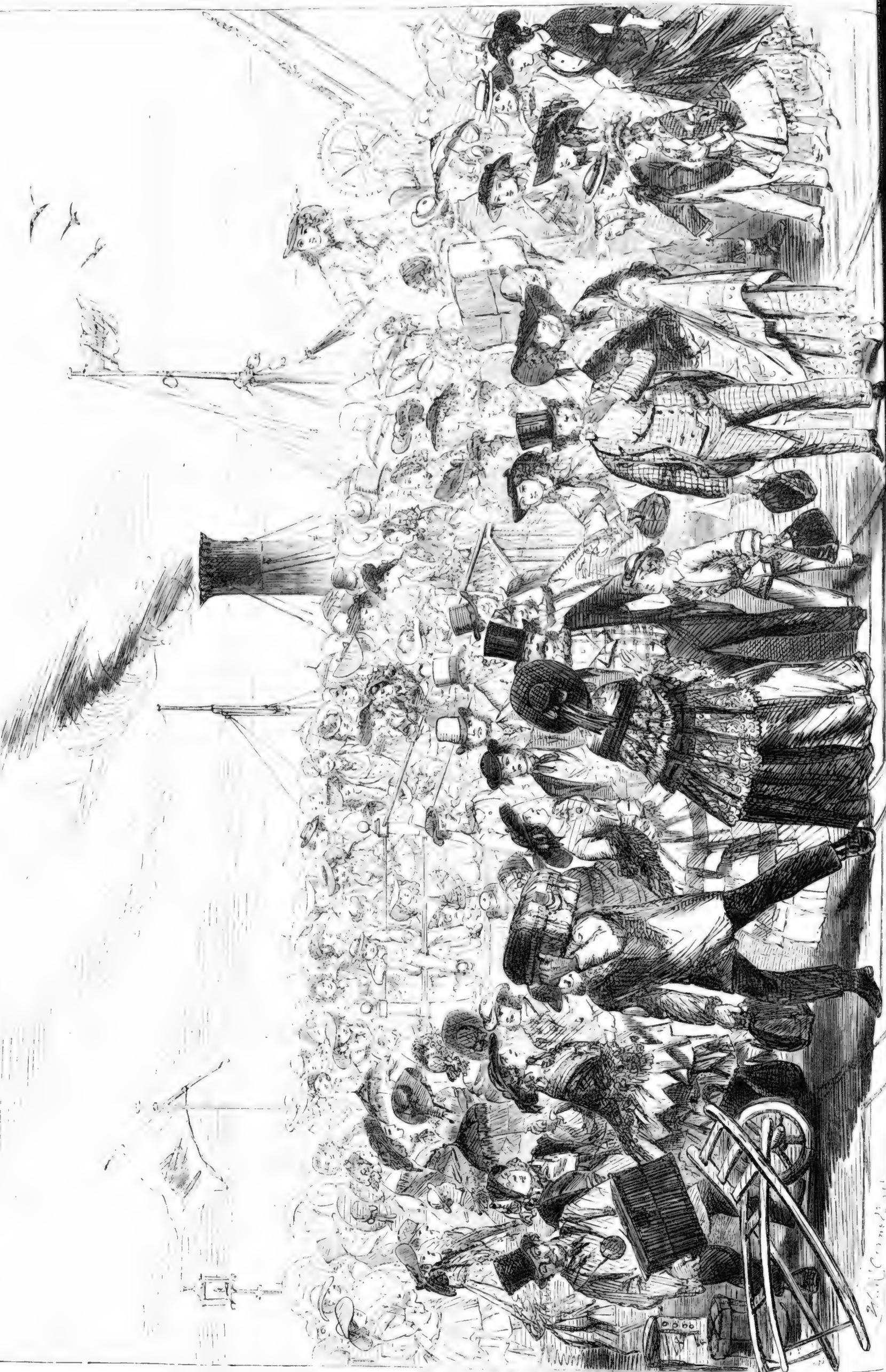
**LUDICROUS SCENE.**—Two uninitiated ne'er-eds having agreed to pay a visit to Father Neptune's dominions by way of Rothesay Bay, stipulated that they should mutually assist each other in this their first trip. Having proceeded with timid caution to a very safe distance from the shore, the one prepared for the plunge by allowing her trusty comrade to take hold of her by the hands and immerse her in the watery element. The other, whether from wagging or from nervousness, let go her hold. The former, after a few seconds, managed to get up, gasping for breath, and as soon as she recovered, she flew at the latter, and seized her by the neck. Down fell both in the water. Up they got again, nothing cooled by this immersion, and like any other viragos, had a regular *a-ti-to*, tearing each other's hair and bathing-geysers full of the spray of the latter was left upon either. Their contus, or my wch will be concealed when the excitement over, they found themselves so dry up to their knees in water, and a number of laughing spectators collected on the beach. There was no time, of course, for weighing the alternatives between remaining such an awkward spectacle and risking the company of the mermaids; so, adapting the latter upon the instant, seaward they're reeled up to the shoulders, and patiently waited the arrival of a sympathizing friend, who conveyed to them suitable habiliments.

**GALE ON THE COAST OF CAITHNESS.**—A correspondent at Pulteney Town writes:—"A fearful gale of wind, veering from west to north-west, overtook the boats at sea, while lying on at their nets on Tuesday morning of last week. The loss of nets is almost incalculable, many returning to harbour without a thread, and few escaping without the loss of some of their drift. Great numbers of boats have lost ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five nets. As far as is yet known, no lives have been lost. A number of boats were run down at sea, thus causing a loss to the owner of the boats and nets to the value of from £100 to £190—not a slight loss to a poor hard working fisherman to sustain. From till four A.M., the gale was terrific; more than one-half the fleet did not attempt hauling their nets till it abated, after seven A.M.—"The "Forbes Gazette" also reports a heavy gale from the north-west having come on along the coast on that side of the Moray Firth. The fishing-boats had difficulty in reaching their respective harbours, and several were missing.

**LORD STANLEY AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.**—Lord Stanley presided at the annual dinner of the North Lancashire Agricultural Society, which was held in the large room of the Corn Exchange, Lune Street, Lancaster, on Thursday week. In giving the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Royal North Lancashire Agricultural Society," his Lordship entered upon a very interesting discussion of the past and present of agriculture. His Lordship's speech was remarkably free from that obstinate political element common developed on such occasions.

**RUSSIAN PRIZES.**—It appears from a return made by the Admiralty to the House of Commons, that 206 Russian vessels were captured by British cruisers in 1854 and 1855. All the captured vessels appear to have been unarmed, but it should be observed that the return contains but a small portion of the vessels which were captured from the enemy. Many were captured both in the Baltic and Black Sea, of which there are no particulars, as they were at once destroyed or otherwise disposed of.

**M. DUBREUIL.**—A Frenchman, has just perfected Davy's Lamp, by establishing a connection between the burner and the shade, so that if the latter is withdrawn the light is put out. Thus are workmen prevented from exposing themselves to the risk of an explosion. A very necessary thing.



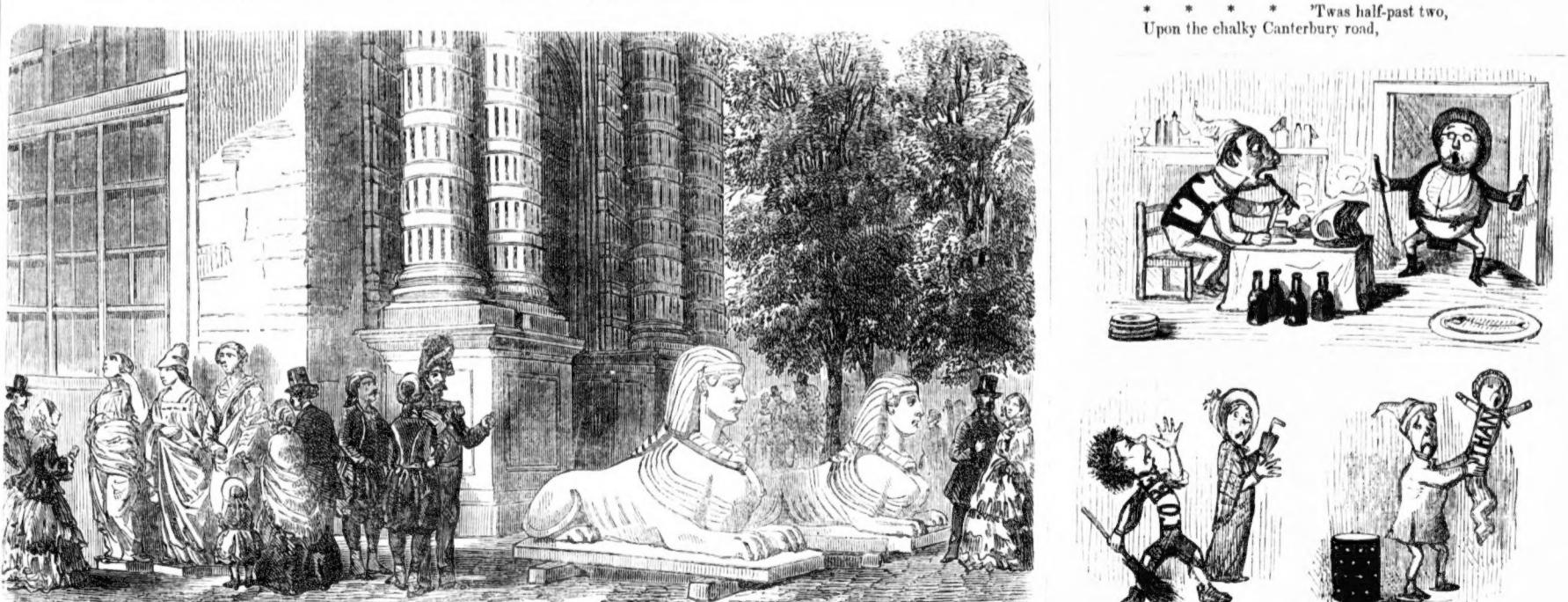


SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARDS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR HER MAJESTY, BY MAYALL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.)

**SCULPTURES FROM SEBASTOPOL IN PARIS.**  
AMONG the trophies from Sebastopol that have been brought to this country, very few actual works of art are to be found. Individual collectors contented themselves with securing some helmet, sword, or breastplate picked up on the field of battle, or else some of those little religious pictures which all good Russians carried about them, in the hope, we suppose, of turning wide the bullets of the Allies. Our Government certainly had a number of Russian cannon, and a church bell or two, brought over as trophies from the Crimea; but the French authorities seem to have looked after a more valuable class of articles. They ransacked Sebastopol of all the works of art the city possessed, which the cannon of the Allies or the conflagration kindled by the besieged had spared.

The chief objects they obtained possession of were various sculptures

and bas-reliefs from the more elegant of the public buildings. For instance, finding that the statues and friezes of the Model Museum and the Nobles' Club House had been scarcely injured by the fire of the musketry and even the conflagration, they decided on removing these and transmitting them to France. This, however, was not a very easy matter; for operations had to be carried on in sight of the enemy, and exposed to a continual fire from the Northern forts. The engineers entrusted with the work accomplished it, however, with perfect success. To carry off the bas-reliefs from the Nobles' Club House, it was necessary to erect interior scaffolding—to knock away the masonry from behind them, and to cut out each piece in view of the batteries of the Russian fort opposite the arsenal. These are the same statues, bas-reliefs, and pediments which have recently arrived in Paris, and which have been exhibited in front of the Orangery of the Tuilleries.



EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES FROM SEBASTOPOL, IN FRONT OF THE ORANGERY AT THE TUILERIES

**The Sphinx.****CHARADE.**

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WEATHER.

I.

Mrs. BUDD was gay and free,  
Fair, fat, and forty-three;  
Resembling thus her husband, who was also gay,  
And middle-aged, and stout;  
But for freedom there's a doubt,  
For his better-half, she drove him like a one-horse shay.

Mrs. Budd said to her lord,  
"You can very well afford  
To dine at Stars and Garters, in your selfish way,  
While the precious habes and I,  
For change of air may die,  
For want of trips to Brighton, Herne or Pegwell Bay."

When lovely woman wants to travel,  
And finds base man refuse to pay—  
On paltry economic cavil—  
What art can smooth her griefs away?  
The only means she can discover—  
(A very good one, by-the-bye,  
Which ne'er a husband yet got over,  
From all I read of)—is to cry!

How gallantly, how merrily, we ride along the line  
(That Mrs. B. her point obtained, the reader will divine),  
With noisy tourists, lightly clad, the train is rather full;  
Such trips the Proverb illustrate, "Much cry and little wool."

Now Ashford's pass'd in triumph, round Sturry's bank we turn;  
Strange guards come up to look at us, and see if we're for Herne.  
Soon, on the right, the ocean gleams, like mackrel in the dark!  
How proud are John and Tommy Budd of their prospective lark!

How proud are those young gentlemen, for each has bogg  
and pray'd,  
In nervous Anglo-Saxon phrase which calls a spade a spade;  
And each a spade has had him bought, and gloats in triumph o'er  
The sand-boy life he means to lead whene'er he reach the shore.

Now Ramsgate and Tivoli they both are pass'd,  
And the train at the terminus arrives at last;  
'Tis an hour after time, though advertised as "fast,"  
And to do the journey ere you'd say "Jack Robinson."

The town looks full, Mrs. B. looks glum,  
Says she, "Rather late I'm afraid we've come.  
Mr. B., go look for lodgings, and be sure you find us some  
And be back ere you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

She never told her love;  
She meant to leave the inn when she had well  
Fed upon tea and shrimps. She took a walk,  
And in a green and yellow glazed mantle  
She sat till sunset on the breakwater,  
Smiling at John and Tommy. Then they hied  
Back to the hostelry where they had "te'd,"  
And were inform'd the gentleman had been,  
And said that, doubtless, he would meet them in  
The High Street or Bazaars.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Tis midnight's hour,  
The shops are shut. The hollow, surging tide  
Beats fitfully against the South Parade.  
The town is full, as also is the moon;  
The latter shining wanly on a group  
Of houseless wanderers. A matron sad,  
Who, Robson-like, paces above the sands  
"With a small pair of kids upon her hands,"  
Doom'd à la belle étoile by adverse star,  
In London's tones, they call upon—my first.

II.

He did not go to High Street, but he went to Mr. Cobb,  
He tender'd him a shilling, which in town they call a bob;  
(You see I'm quoting "Ingoldsby," to pilfer is my plan—  
When rather late with copy, I compile it as I can).

He gave back tenpence honestly (I speak of Mr. Cobb),  
He (meaning Cobb) accepted it, and put it in his fob;  
He said, "The ale is very good, but I must go forth;  
And seek a lodging for my wife. Why, bless my soul, here's Smith!"

'Twas Smith indeed. "Why, who'd have thought (*two glasses*, Mr. Cobb,  
Nay, I insist) of meeting you? This is a funny job.  
I've brought my wife and girls by boat and have to pace the stones  
To seek a lodging somewhere, but—Holloa! by Jove! here's Jones!"

'Twas Jones himself, who, entering, cried, "As usual, Mr. Cobb—  
What, Smith and Budd! Nay, fly not yet, a single hob and nob;  
E'en I can't stay—I've got to find a lodg ing in the town  
• For Mrs. J. and family. Why, bless my soul, here's Brown!"

\* \* \* \* \* 'Twas half-past two,  
Upon the chalky Canterbury road,



REBUS.

Past Garlinge, even nigh to Birchington,  
Eight moons shone brightly down. Four gentlemen  
Saw two moons each; and, by their complex light,  
Sought as for something that they did not find.  
One sunk de-pairing 'mid the uncut wheat.  
"Get up!" his fellow cried: "the path is straight,  
The sky is cloudless, and 'tis all serene.  
Come! we shall meet them yet."—"I am not well,"  
The fallen one replied; and with a hoarse  
And undecided voice, he faltered, "Cobb!"  
And so fell sleeping. "Let us bear him hence,"  
A stalwart comrade cried. They did essay  
To lift his weight; but, lo! with ankles bent  
And toes turn'd upwards in un-easy guise,  
As 'neath the glamour of some Circe spell,  
They sank despairing 'mid the uncut wheat,  
And all fell sleeping—breathing, as they slept,  
The name of "Cobb"—the sprite who had appled  
The verb *my first*—to their ill-starred *my second*.

## III.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Buenos Ayres.  
When the breakfast shrimps are peeling;  
Tis merry, 'tis merry, along the sands,  
When the bathing-machines are wheeling.

When Johnny and Tom, with their wooden spades,  
In the sand small docks are digging;  
When facetous natives the cockney boats  
Supply with abundant rigging.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, above the fort,  
Where each maiden finds a "follerer"  
Ready, by piping her style, to flatter—

Things move in an "all round" sphere: no matter  
How trying the question of "Who is her hatter?  
The circle is squared by the men who dress at her  
In fearful cases of collarer.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry in many a place,  
But not at the Blank Hotel;

Where Mrs. B., at a quarter to six,  
Has gain'd admission her tent to fix,  
And doesn't at all feel well.

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, though, even there,  
For landlady, waiter, and boots;

As the lady has told them that charge they may  
Whatever they please, for her spouse must pay,  
And it serves them right, the brutes!

"Tis merry, 'tis merry with Mr. Smith;

"Tis merry with Mr. Brown;

"Tis merry with Mr. Jones as well—  
(Their wives have gone back to town.)

"Tis merry to laugh at their dear friend Budd,  
Who they know is catching it sore,  
For leaving his wife in the streets all night,  
And who's booked to stay for a fortnight quite  
At the Blank Hotel, or more.

But merrier still for Budd than all,  
When he reads with joyful soul  
A letter that tells him he must begone  
To London, leaving his wife alone  
To dig in the sands with Tommy and John,  
For he's had enough of my whole.

(Explanations of the Charade and Rebus will be given in the next Number.)

## SERGEANT-MAJOR EDWARDS.

THE gallant bearing of the men and non-commissioned officers of the English army during the late war, afforded a bright contrast, if it did not constitute an adequate set-off, to the incapacity and blundering ways of those who held the leading-strings. Forty years of peace may have brought years and infirmities upon rulers and generals; it may have checked the cultivation of campaigning qualities; but it had no effect upon the courageous and patriotic spirit which has animated the British soldier in former struggles with the enemies of civilisation. Such will ever be the case. The sentiment is born in the man, and it is too noble to be eradicated. Pity it is that the constitution of our army does not sufficiently encourage and reward the qualities so often to be found in the ranks.

Only by the peculiar constitution of our army can it be explained why such men as Sergeant-Major Edwards—the subject of our notice—still remains no higher than a non-commissioned officer in her Majesty's service. If any qualities should entitle a man to reap the higher rewards of the service, it would surely be long service, distinguished conduct, and personal bravery; yet these are of little avail if they come from the ranks.

Sergeant-Major Edwards is a native of Shropshire, and was born in 1819. The gallant soldier has been generally described as the oldest in the army. This, however, is an error; he is only thirty-seven years of age, and, as he often exhibits a pardonable pride on the fact of his commencing life in the same year as his royal mistress, he can hardly be held accountable for the "errors of the press." He enlisted in the Coldstream Guards in 1835, and became corporal two years after. In 1840 he was appointed sergeant, pay-sergeant in 1841, and sergeant-major in 1852. In this latter capacity he went out to the Crimea at the commencement of the late war, and remained on duty throughout the campaign. In fact, he was one of the few who was never absent a single day from the landing to the leaving of the expedition. On the passage out the ravages of the cholera began to be felt, and the Sergeant-Major gained golden opinions from all sorts of men by his behaviour and exertions when others would have flagged and sunk from sheer exhaustion. Although more than ordinarily exposed, Edwards was fortunate enough to escape the malady. While on board the Kangaroo, and within an hour or two of landing on the Crimea, the gallant soldier was especially complimented for his exertions, and the then commanding officer, Sir Charles Hamilton, presented him with a medal for long service and good conduct. This is one of the three honours which now decorate his breast, the other two being the Crimean medal and the medal for distinguished conduct on the field of Inkermann. The Crimean medal of course bears the full complement of bars.

At the ever-memorable battle of the Alma, Edwards and his corps were in the thickest of the fight, and the gallant Sergeant attracted the marked attention of his commanding officers for his bearing throughout the day. This was also the case at Balaclava, where the gallant fellow much distinguished himself. He was moreover present at the powerful Russian sortie of the following day. At Inkermann, the self-possession and bravery of Sergeant-Major Edwards were still more conspicuous. He was one of the first heroes who repulsed the Russians from the English redoubt, where they had just before obtained an entrance at a terrible sacrifice of life. Being a particularly good marksman (Edwards is the son of a Shropshire game-keeper) he made tritonal havoc with his rifle. His conduct was so cool and steady, and his aim so invariably true, that he was enabled to keep three firelocks at work at once—two other soldiers loading for him as fast as he could fire. His comrades speak about this feat with much enthusiasm, and say that he exhibited humour as well as coolness at his work; during a moment's pause in the firing, he remarked that it was the best day's shooting he had ever had; he liked making such game of the Russians, &c. Ultimately, the Sergeant-Major got surrounded by the enemy, but succeeded in cutting his way through again. He assisted in re-forming his scattered men, and advanced a second time with much intrepidity and firmness.

For this and other distinguished conduct on the field, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge recommended the Sergeant-Major both for the medal and an annuity of £20. Moreover, a commission was offered for his acceptance, but, preferring to remain in his post as senior non-commissioned officer, he declined the proffered honour. On a subsequent occasion, when a similar distinction was even pressed upon him, he firmly declined, but at the same time expressed himself grateful for the compliment and recognition of services thus conveyed.

The most trying part of the whole campaign—the wasting winter which followed the Battle of Inkermann—was borne gallantly by Sergeant-Major Edwards. Day after day his men drooped around him, yet his indefatigable spirit bore him up. Excessive fatigue and severe weather made a considerable inroad upon the Sergeant's naturally robust health, but he never allowed himself to be reported sick. Each day was one of work and active occupation. This severe service told upon his appearance, and gave him a look of age that by no means belonged to him. His gray hair and beard told a tale of fifty or sixty years, while in reality he was half way between thirty and forty.

The nature of the duty performed by Edwards and his corps during the war may be judged by the following table. It is perfectly authentic, and refers to the Coldstream Guards alone. The figures show the date and number of each draft sent out, as well as the number who returned home in the service of the battalion:—

Date of proceeding to the East.	No. in each Draft.	Dead.	Invalided.	Came home with the Battalion.
28 Feb., 1854	955	412	205	318
27 June, 1854	159	78	28	53
27 Oct., 1854	101	69	15	47
25 Nov., 1854	154	41	22	91
13 April, 1855	309	57	38	214
16 Sept., 1855	210	10	8	191
14 Feb., 1856	244	—	2	222
	2094	667	318	1107

From the above it will be seen that nearly one-half of the Coldstream Guards was consumed by the ravages of disease and bullet. Of the draft despatched in October, 1854, nearly all were killed. The few who returned to England (seventeen) are now known in the battalion as the "dead draft!" A strange distinction obtained at a terrible price!

Sergeant-Major Edwards finished his Crimean work to a nicely, and managed to be one of the very last to embark on the conclusion of the peace. Since his return to England he has been very favourably noticed, and has been honoured by invitations and presents from many distinguished persons. One present, of which the Sergeant is particularly proud, is a gold-headed stick given by the Prince of Wales. This he carries on every possible occasion.

Sergeant-Major Edwards is well known in other companies as well as in the Coldstreams, and probably no one could have filled the office of chairman at the Guards' dinner, more to the satisfaction of the majority than he did. His comrades felt that he had fairly earned the honours that had been bestowed upon him, and were not niggard in their applause when he addressed them in that "sharp battle-field oratory," (to use the words of the Lord Mayor,) with which he introduced the toasts of the banquet. Undoubtedly, he contributed much to the success of the affair by his straightforward soldier-like bearing on the occasion.

Mr. Mayall, the eminent photographer, has taken a very fine photographic portrait of Sergeant-Major Edwards for the Queen's collection of photographs of Crimean heroes, and we are glad to be able to present our readers with an engraving from the same.

**NEW CHURCH IN SMITHFIELD.**—The proposal to build a new church in Smithfield in honour of the martyrs at the Protestant Reformation, which received a check by the failure of Sir John Dean Paul's bank, has been revived. Amongst the subscribers to the fund are the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Winchilsea, the Earl of Waldegrave, and Sir E. N. Buxton, Bart.

**IMPORTANT TO THE "MORNING HERALD."**—A Glasgow paper reports that a patent has been granted for a discovery, whereby stone, after undergoing a certain process, may be converted into paper. To certain authors and journalists this material will be peculiarly welcome, as affording an appropriate vehicle for their solid productions.

**THE "BARNACLES" IN THE POST OFFICE.**—The post-office authorities in Edinburgh recently sent down to a post office in Orkney, an official intimation for public circulation, and, under the conviction that the inhabitants were Celts, were actually at the trouble to have it translated into Gaelic, and printed in that language. It happens, however, that the number of inhabitants of Orkney who speak French is far greater than those who know a word of Gaelic.

**ABANDONED.**—On Sunday morning, a police officer found an infant (a boy) concealed behind a large board in the third-class booking office of the South-Western Railway. The child was apparently about three weeks or a month old. At the time the discovery was made hundreds of persons were rushing through the booking office for the excursion train to Portsmouth, and it seems a perfect miracle that the little innocent had not been trampled upon and killed. The child was wrapped in a dark shawl, but although the police have made a most vigorous search, they have as yet been unable to detect the parents. It has been taken to the workhouse.

**FIRE AT PECKHAM.**—On Sunday afternoon, about a quarter past five o'clock, a fire of a very formidable character took place in the premises belonging to Mr. Burt, waterproof clothing factor, at the Millbank works, Peckham. The building, which was nearly 150 feet long, was timber built; and owing to the combustible character of the stock, the flames extended so rapidly, that in less than ten minutes the whole building presented an immense sheet of flame. The loss, however, is not very considerable. Two boys are in custody for causing this fire.

**FALL OF A TALL CHIMNEY.**—On Thursday week a colossal chimney, attached to the vitriol works at Victoria Quay, facing the Royal Barracks, Dublin, suddenly fell with a terrific crash, levelling with their foundations several high walls in its vicinity, and breaking down the greater portion of a long slated shed, fortunately, however, without doing the slightest personal injury. This chimney, which had long been known as the largest as well as the loftiest in Dublin, was built twenty-four years since, its dimensions being—height, 150 feet; circumference, from 60 to 70 feet; and internal diameter, 24 feet.

**EXTRAORDINARY DEATH IN A POLICE OFFICE.**—On Saturday night, a compositor named Shand, had been walking through the fruit market, at Manchester, and observed a female pick a gentleman's pocket. He proceeded to the Town Hall to give evidence against the woman: and, whilst he was stating the charge, a number of Irishmen were brought in, in a state of intoxication. They created a great disturbance in the office, which greatly frightened Shand, and, on the prisoners setting up a loud yell, he fell down, and instantly expired.

**LOVE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—A well-dressed young woman threw herself, on Friday afternoon, into the Seine at St. Cloud, but her dress being puffed up by the wind, supported her on the water. A boatman rescued her, and she stated that she had attempted to commit suicide from a disappointment in love; but she added that she felt ashamed of her folly, and would not repeat her attempt.

**THE LATE MURDER OF A SOLDIER AT DOVER.**—The inquest touching the death of Lance-Corporal Alexander McBurnie, of the 49th Regiment, who was shot, early on Wednesday morning week, by private Thomas Mansell, of the same regiment, has been concluded. The witnesses examined detailed the particulars of the murder as already given, and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. The prisoner, who was twenty-eight years of age, and of morose appearance, wept several times during the examination, but, towards its close, his self-possession returned, and he assumed an off-handed and careless manner.

**DEFACEMENT OF AN INCOME TAX COLLECTOR.**—The defacement of an income tax collector has occurred at Blackburn. Mr. W. B. Illingworth is the person implicated; he has been arrested and lodged in Lancaster Castle. The defacements of this officer amount to upwards of £1,000. The sureties are ample, and will almost cover the entire loss.

**COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S CRUISE IN THE GULF OF TARTARY.**

COMMODORE ELLIOTT'S squadron, consisting of the Sibylle, Pique, and Barracouta, left Hakodadi, Japan, on the 4th of May, and on the 10th reached Cape Leamanon, in about 48 deg. north latitude. There the Sibylle and Pique remained, the Barracouta steaming onwards along the coast to the northward. On the evening of the 11th, in latitude 49.150 deg. N., longitude 140.19 E., a fine and capacious bay was discovered, with many sheltered creeks capable of affording a secure anchorage for ships of the largest tonnage. The entrance to this bay is very narrow, and when seen from a distance appears blocked up by an island in the centre. Indeed, a vessel might pass and repass, and no one would dream of the beautiful anchorage so close at hand. Soon after anchoring, a few natives (Ghiljacks) came off to sell fish, which they were glad to barter for buttons.

Some of these natives had buttons with Russian insignia on them, leading the

Barracouta to infer that Russians had been there not long before. Consequently, early next morning, Mr. Freeman, master of the Barracouta, proceeded on shore, and crossing over a field of ice, came all at once on a number of Russian houses, strongly built and encircled in the shade of some forest trees. These houses bore evident marks of recent occupation—piles of freshly cut wood lying here and there in various directions. There were some empty casks, &c., in a storehouse, marked with the English broad arrow, "Portsmouth, 1852," &c., &c. In front of the principal house was a flag-staff, with a copper flag, dated April, 1855. In the rear, and a little to the left of the houses, was a strong platform battery for eight guns. At some distance to the right stood a platform for two guns, whilst in the anchorage, between the two, with its broadside to the entrance, lay the remains of a large frigate 200 feet long, anchored in ten fathoms, burnt down to the ice in which she was embedded. The framework of this vessel was stouter than that of either the Pique or Sibylle, and conjecture assigns her to have been the *Pallas*. Her figure-head, a double eagle, found on the ice, was taken possession of by the Barracouta, and much of her rigging, spars, &c., was found stowed away in different places, being evident that her destruction had been an act committed but a short time before. Numerous graves—distinguished by the Greek Cross—were found on the hill, and dated at various periods from as far back as 1853. The Ghiljacks, by signs, led the Barracouta to believe that the Russians had vacated the place seven weeks before.

Having made this extraordinary discovery, the Barracouta returned to Cape Leamanon to inform the Commodore, who, with the Pique and Sibylle, then proceeded to a further examination of the bay, the hills about which were thickly covered with birch and pine trees, affording fine shelter from the cold blasts of the north and east.

Leaving her comrades in Barracouta Bay, as it was at once termed, the Barracouta proceeded north to Castris Bay, looking into all the bays and inlets of the coast en route, a labour which could be performed effectually, the weather being clear, although there was some danger from drifting ice. Finding nothing more of Russians either at Castris Bay or on the road to it, the Barracouta turned to the bay named after her, which she reached on the 21st of May, and took in wood and water. Leaving Barracouta Bay again she reached Hakodadi on the 29th, the Sibylle and Hornet arriving there a day or two after her.

**LAW AND CRIME.**

The manner in which the simplest matters puzzle scientific men when searching only for mysteries, is something amusing. In the case of the suspected murder at Hampton Court, the medical man who conducted the post-mortem examination has been in great trouble because certain shots in the body have been found partly in the lung, partly on the diaphragm, and one or two inside the abdomen, while only one wound appears externally, and that in the chest. The simple probability of some of the pellets having fallen by mere gravitation does not appear to have occurred to the medical mind, nor does that of one or two shots having glanced from contact with a rib from within. The strangest part of the affair is that the Guernsey shirt found on deceased is described as not being penetrated by shot, but those who know the action of shot upon various substances can easily understand that a few of these might easily penetrate coarse flannel without occasioning sufficient disturbance of the fibre to catch the eye of an unpractised observer. The blood from the wound would effectually remedy the very slight fraying which small shot would cause if the weapon used were a pistol at the distance of a yard or two, and not a full-charged fowling piece "carrying close." As the matter is now exciting much public interest, it may not be amiss to submit a theory respecting the alleged crime. Deceased is a violent half-maniac ruffian with an evident tendency to assassination. He carries murderous weapons, and goes about seeking a victim. He has a pistol and shot, and is fond of shooting, evidently by such means, but under circumstances that seem to forbid the presumption of suicide. The pistol is missing but his pockets are unrifled. There is nothing in these facts which will appear mysterious if we imagine that deceased, about to fulfil his criminal inclinations, has been conquered and slain with his own weapons by his intended victim. Under the gravely suspicious circumstances of the case, and the great probability of being hanged whether guilty in self-defence or not, it can be no wonder that the homicide (if our theory be correct) prefers to keep his own counsel on the matter. One thing is certain, that deceased is much better out of the way than being tried for the murder of somebody else, as there is not much doubt he would have been had his precious life been spared to the public.

On Monday last the Reverend J. Kelly, of the Established Church, received some experiences which he will not readily forget respecting our established police. The reverend gentleman was waiting in St. Martin's Lane with his vehicle when he espied a cabman driving upon him and looking the other way at some object of greater interest than a carriage in the way of his own. Mr. Kelly shouted, but the cabman was absorbed, and the collision took place. There was the usual "row," the customary street mob, the demanding of the cabman's number by the injured party (who made the usual and almost inevitable blunder of asking for the driver's "ticket" instead of "badge," which in law makes all the difference,) and, as a special element, there was the exceedingly impossible policeman. The policeman explains that the clergyman not being a "lair" cannot insist upon the cabman's ticket (keeping that little matter of the word "badge" quite close, as you perceive, although he saw it all as plainly as we who write it,) and the mob, enjoying the joke of cabmen and policemen both adverse to the person, demonstrate their appreciation by hustling the pastor, and even attempting, in their exuberant humour, to pick his pocket. The Reverend Mr. Kelly seizes the young vagabond who is bent on this culminating jest, and turns indignantly to the protector of order and property to remonstrate on his permission of this continued series of outrage. The policeman calmly replies that he had been watching the whole affair, and giving the young thief a slap on the head, orders him off, but the clergyman insists upon the charge being taken. At Bow Street, Mr. Kelly, in giving evidence against the boy, mentions (as he could not well avoid doing) the policeman's conduct, but is instantaneously put down by Mr. Hall. He then learns that if he has cause to complain of a member of the force, it is necessary to attend at the Scotland Yard Branch of the Circumlocution Office, there to make a *formal complaint* (*i.e.*, a complaint which will be nugatory if informal), and that upon this the Police Commissioners, the judges on the question of formality, will, if they think good, direct an investigation at Bow Street—by all which the reverend gentleman must be much edified and delighted. But as mere Englishmen, being under certain laws established by statute and precedent, let us ask who are these Commissioners that thus interpose between offence and punishment? Are the police their servants, or those of the public, and if theirs, still how can they claim to decide upon what charges shall be prosecuted against their pets and what not? Let us hope that Mr. Kelly will show a just contempt for their power by leaving the matter as it stands, upon the oath of a clergyman and gentleman, for the opinion of the press and the public, and not commit the fatal error of affording time to the policeman to vamp up a plausible story, and perhaps to discover witnesses from among the sympathising crowd.

At Stamford there happens to be a police-constable named Baker, who entertains liberal opinions respecting his duties. A young man had been robbed of £30 by his brother, upon whose track Baker at once started, and finding his chase had gone to London by the parliamentary train, availed himself of the express to overtake the fugitive. He succeeded, and was thereby enabled to restore £27 of the missing money, found on the prisoner. But Lincolnshire is famous for its geese, and the vigilance of Baker procured him a reprimand from the Stamford "leaks." On the theme of county peculiarities, much has lately been said. General Windham has set forth Norfolk (hitherto chiefly famed for its dumpings) as the cradle of British virtue, heroism, and what not. Some one else has been magnifying Suffolk, and we shall probably soon discover that England is mainly indebted for its greatness to Rutlandshire. But there is one county which boasts a peculiar gift, as indisputable as unalterable by increased intercourse with its neighbours. The county of Essex maintains a pre-eminence in stupidity over all the rest of England together. The feet of Essex men are longer, their calves smaller, and their heads thicker, than those of any other inhabitants of the British Isles. The newspapers of the last few days contain sickening reports of the progress and results of an Essex joke, one of those few which have been handed down to posterity since the dark ages, and still serve that benighted county in lieu of wit. Two gentlemen of fortune, who keep hounds near Chelmsford, invited a baker of the town to view some stables which

was had newly erected. There they dosed him with wine, such as Essex men drink, till he became insensible, a process which did not of course take long, according to the old custom, sent a servant to draw some burnt cork. The servant seems to have been smart enough to borrow a cork and burn it over those to whom he applied sufficiently to advise this course, so the burnt cork was sold as unburnt. Some red ochre was produced, and the leprous bather was daubed with it by his masters in a manner which a London costermonger would be ashamed to adopt towards a companion. The bather was then wheeled home some distance in a chair with his head hanging down over the edge of the vehicle, no one engaged in the transaction knowing much of physiology to see that this would, in the case of a strumous man, inevitably produce suffocation by asphyxiation. It did so, and an inquest has been held upon the Major, who was his superior officer, and that he had been reprimanded before all the officers for his unbecoming behaviour. A few weeks ago he left the service, and nothing was seen of him until Tuesday night, when he came, and the assault complained of, and which it was evident was pre-meditated. The Major was sauntering about the gardens, looking at the dancing, when he heard the defendant exclaim, "I have him," and at the same instant the Major received a violent blow with a heavy stick on the shoulder, followed up by a second on his head, both of which were inflicted by the defendant. The Major called the police, but they said they could not interfere, and he then went to the nearest police station at Chelsea, where the inspector on duty gave him the same answer, and he subsequently applied for a warrant at the Westminster police court. A small bone was broken in the Major's arm, and he was confined for three or four days to his room, and it is not expected he will recover for some time. After the defendant had committed the assault on the Major, he turned to another officer of the German Legion who was in the gardens, and said, "Tell them at Aldershot I kept my word. I thrashed the Major."

The Magistrate said he could not understand on what ground the constables at Cremorne had refused to take the charge. This was the very description of assault in which £20 were demanded. The poor creature had roughly exhausted all resources in scraping together £10. Instead of sending the woman off, or refusing to take a matter in which he had no jurisdiction, A'dern Finsis listened patiently to her tale, and finding the commanding officer of the regiment was at the Wight (whither the Alderman was about to proceed) to see him on Saturday and intercede in her favour. There is something more than merely crenelated in this. Nothing tends more to the censure of a state than for the poor and the weak to be obliged to put themselves at once into personal communication with those who have position and power to assist them. It is worthy of remark that the policemen-traitors of late appear inclined to use their powers for something beyond the mere repression of crime, and that their advice, if not their more malignant assistance, is usually at the service of those whose social position affords them no opportunity of any criminality.

A poor woman whose husband had served as a soldier throughout the entire Crimean campaign applied to A'dern Finsis for advice as to obtaining his discharge, which £20 were demanded. The poor creature had

exhausted all resources in scraping together £10. Instead of sending the woman off, or refusing to take a matter in which he had no jurisdiction, A'dern Finsis listened patiently to her tale, and finding the commanding officer of the regiment was at the Wight (whither the Alderman was about to proceed)

to see him on Saturday and intercede in her favour. There is something more than merely crenelated in this. Nothing tends more to the censure of a state than for the poor and the weak to be obliged to put themselves at once into personal communication with those who have position and power to assist them. It is worthy of remark that the policemen-traitors of late appear inclined to use their powers for something beyond the mere repression of crime, and that their advice, if not their more malignant assistance, is usually at the service of those whose social position affords them no opportunity of any criminality.

Sir Peter Laurie, who, like many other plain men, had stumbled on a shrewd practical idea, has resorted to the alarming increase in England of foreign visitors. There is no small ground for suspicion in the facts mentioned by Sir Peter, and it is improbable that at no distant period the matter will call for the serious consideration of the press. As for that of the Parliament, it could scarcely be hoped for, even were our legislators not at present rusticated in annual torpidity.

#### POLICE.

**BRAZIL CASE OF WIFE-BEATING.**—Last week, at the City Court-house, Wm. Osley, late a prize-fighter, but still known as the landlord of a public-house at Finsbury, was charged with committing a brutal assault upon his wife. It appeared from the evidence that, on the 19th ult., the defendant went to Shefield. On his returning about eight o'clock in the evening, and being told by his wife that his supper was ready, he seized the saucepan, contained a quantity of potatoes and hot water, and struck her so violently that it stunned her. He then took up a iron-shaft and beat her until her body was in a complete state of bruise. The magistrates committed the prisoner to a month's hard labour.

It is to be regretted that the magistrates did a larger liberty dealing with such ferocious animals. Two or three years' imprisonment would more properly meet such a case.

**CHARGED WITH DESTITUTION.**—Six young women, evidently from the country, and in the last stage of destitution, were charged at Marlborough Street, on Monday, with being lodgers in Hyde Park. The women excused themselves on the ground that they had no money, friends, or home. They were obliged to sleep in the open air, as they could not pay for a lodging. They had been sleeping in Hyde Park for the last fortnight. Mr. Bingham said it was a shocking thing for helpless women to be sleeping about exposed to the inclemency of the weather. He would desire them if they would promise to find their way back to the country.

The women having given the promise were discharged.

**MYSTEROUS ROBBERY IN CLEMENT'S INN.**—Emma Bancks, a young girl of respectable appearance, was charged at Bow Street with being concerned in a robbery of £20 at the hands of Mr. Holdsworth, of Clement's Inn.

The prosecutor, a gentleman connected with the newspaper press, deposed that the robbery in question took place on the 28th of March last. One of his bed-room drawers was taken out of his pocket-book. A purse containing six sovereigns was also missing from the same drawers. No trace of the note was discovered until a week or two ago, when it was paid into the Bank of England, and cancelled. It was then traced back to the possession of Mrs. Bancks, a keeper in Chandos Street, whose daughter stated that she received it from the prisoner.

The prisoner, in answer to the charge, made the following extraordinary statement. After denying that she had ever paid the note at all, as described by Miss Bancks, she said that in April or May last, a young acquaintance of hers, named Betsy Arnott, brought her a small parcel, containing a lace handkerchief, which had been presented to her by a young man in the Temple Gardens, and which she wanted the prisoner to take care of for her. She accordingly put the parcel in a box in her bed-room, where it remained about a month, and then she missed it. She mentioned this circumstance at once to Miss Arnott, who seemed much disengaged about it at first, and said that there was a £20 note in the parcel, which had been entrusted to her by a friend, a young man who had since gone to Paris. A few days afterwards, they agreed to go together to a fortune-telling woman living in Brydges Street, to consult her about the missing parcel, and the fortune-teller told them "that as the parcel was lost, it could not be helped," at the same time suggesting them to communicate with the owner, and inform her of the fact at once. Miss Arnott undertook to do this, and she (the prisoner) heard no more of the affair, although she could not help thinking from Betsy Arnott's indifference to the loss, that the note had not been come by honestly. She suspected, in fact, that Arnott, who had been continually backwards and forwards to her place, had herself taken the parcel out of her (prisoner's) box, and changed it. Arnott borrowed her bonnet about that time, and she had no doubt now that this was used as a disguise.

"J. DANCEZ."—P.S. I have not shown much affection to you as yet, but I hope you will please to forgive me, that I may see you soon, and I shall see those who I love."

The girl referred to, Betsy Arnott, was the daughter of the barge-keeper at whose place the prosecutor left his key on the night of the robbery. She was present, and said that the prisoner's statement was an entire fabrication. The prisoner formerly lived with witness's parents, at the South Lodge, as a servant, and although she had left before the night of the robbery, she was occasionally in the habit of calling secretly to see witness, whose father had forbidden her the house. Witness knew nothing whatever of any note, and had never given the prisoner a parole to take care of.

The magistrate remanded the prisoner, in order that this mysterious case might be more strictly investigated.

**FRAZAS AT CREMORNE GARDENS.**—M. Herman Von Dittmar, formerly a lieutenant in the German Legion, is charged with an assault upon Major Yates, of the 1st Regiment of the same corps, at Cremorne Gardens, on Tuesday night.

It appeared from the testimony of the various witnesses, that while he was in the German Legion, a court of inquiry had been held upon the defendant, for disrespectful conduct to the Major, who was his superior officer, and that he had been reprimanded before all the officers for his unbecoming behaviour. A few weeks ago he left the service, and nothing was seen of him until Tuesday night, when he came, and the assault complained of, and which it was evident was pre-meditated.

The Major was sauntering about the gardens, looking at the dancing, when he heard the defendant exclaim, "I have him," and at the same instant the Major received a violent blow with a heavy stick on the shoulder, followed up by a second on his head, both of which were inflicted by the defendant. The Major called the police, but they said they could not interfere, and he then went to the nearest police station at Chelsea, where the inspector on duty gave him the same answer, and he subsequently applied for a warrant at the Westminster police court. A small bone was broken in the Major's arm, and he was confined for three or four days to his room, and it is not expected he will recover for some time. After the defendant had committed the assault on the Major, he turned to another officer of the German Legion who was in the gardens, and said, "Tell them at Aldershot I kept my word. I thrashed the Major."

The Magistrate said he could not understand on what ground the constables at Cremorne had refused to take the charge. This was the very description of assault in which £20 were demanded. The poor creature had roughly exhausted all resources in scraping together £10. Instead of sending the woman off, or refusing to take a matter in which he had no jurisdiction, A'dern Finsis listened patiently to her tale, and finding the commanding officer of the regiment was at the Wight (whither the Alderman was about to proceed)

to see him on Saturday and intercede in her favour. There is something more than merely crenelated in this. Nothing tends more to the censure of a state than for the poor and the weak to be obliged to put themselves at once into personal communication with those who have position and power to assist them. It is worthy of remark that the policemen-traitors of late appear inclined to use their powers for something beyond the mere repression of crime, and that their advice, if not their more malignant assistance, is usually at the service of those whose social position affords them no opportunity of any criminality.

Sir Peter Laurie, who, like many other plain men, had stumbled on a shrewd practical idea, has resorted to the alarming increase in England of foreign visitors. There is no small ground for suspicion in the facts mentioned by Sir Peter, and it is improbable that at no distant period the matter will call for the serious consideration of the press. As for that of the Parliament, it could scarcely be hoped for, even were our legislators not at present rusticated in annual torpidity.

**A WOMAN SHOT BY HER LOVER—SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.**

The daughter of Mr. Thomas Barr, landlord of the Seven Stars inn, Dudley, has been shot by her sweetheart. It appears that about twelve months back, a young man, named Dance, was employed by his uncle, Mr. Barr, as brewer, &c., at which time he formed an attachment to his cousin, Miss Ann Barr. On the attachment being discovered, and Dance being of unsteady and irregular habits, he was sent away from his situation. He afterwards used occasionally to visit the house, and pay marked attention to Miss Barr. It is said, however, that she, as well as her parents, discouraged his pretensions, and that this caused him such excitement of mind, that upon several occasions, he has been known to threaten to take her life. These threats were, however, disregarded. On Saturday night, he came to the house about ten o'clock, and was observed to be rather tipsy. He had something to drink, and was ordered by Mr. and Mrs. Barr to leave the house. He was also requested to go by Miss Barr, and on leaving, he remarked to the latter that she should not order him out the next time he came. He then appears to have proceeded to his father's house, where he stayed for some time, but about eleven o'clock he started off in the direction of his uncle's house. About twelve o'clock, the front door of Mr. Barr's house was closed, and Miss Barr and her mother were engaged about the house, when on a sudden Dance entered by the back door, and walked up to Miss Barr, who was then going along the passage leading from a back room to the bar. Pulling a pistol from his pocket, he fired it at Miss Barr, the shot taking effect in her neck and lower jaw. She at once fell to the ground fearfully wounded, and in a state of insensibility. In another moment a second shot was heard, and the unfortunate young man lay dead upon the floor by the side of his intended victim. He had placed the pistol close to his left ear, the shot penetrating the brain. A pair of small pocket-pistols that were, with which the awful deed of blood had been perpetrated, were found upon the floor. A surgeon was at once sent for, and dressed the wounds which had been inflicted upon Miss Barr. She was still alive, but there was scarcely a hope of her ultimate recovery. She was wholly incapable of articulation, but sensible, and wrote down some sentences on a slate addressed to her father.

The prosecutor, in answer to the charge, made the following extraordinary statement. After denying that she had ever paid the note at all, as described by Miss Barr, she said that in April or May last, a young acquaintance of hers, named Betsy Arnott, brought her a small parcel, containing a lace handkerchief, which had been presented to her by a young man in the Temple Gardens, and which she wanted the prisoner to take care of for her. She accordingly put the parcel in a box in her bed-room, where it remained about a month, and then she missed it. She mentioned this circumstance at once to Miss Arnott, who seemed much disengaged about it at first, and said that there was a £20 note in the parcel, which had been entrusted to her by a friend, a young man who had since gone to Paris. A few days afterwards, they agreed to go together to a fortune-telling woman living in Brydges Street, to consult her about the missing parcel, and the fortune-teller told them "that as the parcel was lost, it could not be helped," at the same time suggesting them to communicate with the owner, and inform her of the fact at once. Miss Arnott undertook to do this, and she (the prisoner) heard no more of the affair, although she could not help thinking from Betsy Arnott's indifference to the loss, that the note had not been come by honestly. She suspected, in fact, that Arnott, who had been continually backwards and forwards to her place, had herself taken the parcel out of her (prisoner's) box, and changed it. Arnott borrowed her bonnet about that time, and she had no doubt now that this was used as a disguise.

"J. DANCEZ."—P.S. I have not shown much affection to you as yet, but I hope you will please to forgive me, that I may see you soon, and I shall see those who I love."

The girl referred to, Betsy Arnott, was the daughter of the barge-keeper at whose place the prosecutor left his key on the night of the robbery. She was present, and said that the prisoner's statement was an entire fabrication. The prisoner formerly lived with witness's parents, at the South Lodge, as a servant, and although she had left before the night of the robbery, she was occasionally in the habit of calling secretly to see witness, whose father had forbidden her the house. Witness knew nothing whatever of any note, and had never given the prisoner a parole to take care of.

The magistrate remanded the prisoner, in order that this mysterious case might be more strictly investigated.

**FRAZAS AT CREMORNE GARDENS.**—M. Herman Von Dittmar, formerly a lieutenant in the German Legion, is charged with an assault upon Major Yates, of the 1st Regiment of the same corps, at Cremorne Gardens, on Tuesday night.

It appeared from the testimony of the various witnesses, that while he was in the German Legion, a court of inquiry had been held upon the defendant, for disrespectful conduct to the Major, who was his superior officer, and that he had been reprimanded before all the officers for his unbecoming behaviour. A few weeks ago he left the service, and nothing was seen of him until Tuesday night, when he came, and the assault complained of, and which it was evident was pre-meditated.

The Major was sauntering about the gardens, looking at the dancing, when he heard the defendant exclaim, "I have him," and at the same instant the Major received a violent blow with a heavy stick on the shoulder, followed up by a second on his head, both of which were inflicted by the defendant. The Major called the police, but they said they could not interfere, and he then went to the nearest police station at Chelsea, where the inspector on duty gave him the same answer, and he subsequently applied for a warrant at the Westminster police court. A small bone was broken in the Major's arm, and he was confined for three or four days to his room, and it is not expected he will recover for some time. After the defendant had committed the assault on the Major, he turned to another officer of the German Legion who was in the gardens, and said, "Tell them at Aldershot I kept my word. I thrashed the Major."

The Magistrate said he could not understand on what ground the constables at Cremorne had refused to take the charge. This was the very description of assault in which £20 were demanded. The poor creature had roughly exhausted all resources in scraping together £10. Instead of sending the woman off, or refusing to take a matter in which he had no jurisdiction, A'dern Finsis listened patiently to her tale, and finding the commanding officer of the regiment was at the Wight (whither the Alderman was about to proceed)

to see him on Saturday and intercede in her favour. There is something more than merely crenelated in this. Nothing tends more to the censure of a state than for the poor and the weak to be obliged to put themselves at once into personal communication with those who have position and power to assist them. It is worthy of remark that the policemen-traitors of late appear inclined to use their powers for something beyond the mere repression of crime, and that their advice, if not their more malignant assistance, is usually at the service of those whose social position affords them no opportunity of any criminality.

Sir Peter Laurie, who, like many other plain men, had stumbled on a shrewd practical idea, has resorted to the alarming increase in England of foreign visitors. There is no small ground for suspicion in the facts mentioned by Sir Peter, and it is improbable that at no distant period the matter will call for the serious consideration of the press. As for that of the Parliament, it could scarcely be hoped for, even were our legislators not at present rusticated in annual torpidity.

**A WOMAN SHOT BY HER LOVER—SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.**

The daughter of Mr. Thomas Barr, landlord of the Seven Stars inn, Dudley, has been shot by her sweetheart.

It appears that about twelve months back, a young man, named Dance, was employed by his uncle, Mr. Barr, as brewer, &c., at which time he formed an attachment to his cousin, Miss Ann Barr. On the attachment being discovered, and Dance being of unsteady and irregular habits, he was sent away from his situation. He afterwards used occasionally to visit the house, and pay marked attention to Miss Barr. It is said, however, that she, as well as her parents, discouraged his pretensions, and that this caused him such excitement of mind, that upon several occasions, he has been known to threaten to take her life. These threats were, however, disregarded. On Saturday night, he came to the house about ten o'clock, and was observed to be rather tipsy. He had something to drink, and was ordered by Mr. and Mrs. Barr to leave the house. He was also requested to go by Miss Barr, and on leaving, he remarked to the latter that she should not order him out the next time he came. He then appears to have proceeded to his father's house, where he stayed for some time, but about eleven o'clock he started off in the direction of his uncle's house. About twelve o'clock, the front door of Mr. Barr's house was closed, and Miss Barr and her mother were engaged about the house, when on a sudden Dance entered by the back door, and walked up to Miss Barr, who was then going along the passage leading from a back room to the bar. Pulling a pistol from his pocket, he fired it at Miss Barr, the shot taking effect in her neck and lower jaw. She at once fell to the ground fearfully wounded, and in a state of insensibility. In another moment a second shot was heard, and the unfortunate young man lay dead upon the floor by the side of his intended victim. He had placed the pistol close to his left ear, the shot penetrating the brain. A pair of small pocket-pistols that were, with which the awful deed of blood had been perpetrated, were found upon the floor. A surgeon was at once sent for, and dressed the wounds which had been inflicted upon Miss Barr. She was still alive, but there was scarcely a hope of her ultimate recovery. She was wholly incapable of articulation, but sensible, and wrote down some sentences on a slate addressed to her father.

The prosecutor, in answer to the charge, made the following extraordinary statement. After denying that she had ever paid the note at all, as described by Miss Barr, she said that in April or May last, a young acquaintance of hers, named Betsy Arnott, brought her a small parcel, containing a lace handkerchief, which had been presented to her by a young man in the Temple Gardens, and which she wanted the prisoner to take care of for her. She accordingly put the parcel in a box in her bed-room, where it remained about a month, and then she missed it. She mentioned this circumstance at once to Miss Arnott, who seemed much disengaged about it at first, and said that there was a £20 note in the parcel, which had been entrusted to her by a friend, a young man who had since gone to Paris. A few days afterwards, they agreed to go together to a fortune-telling woman living in Brydges Street, to consult her about the missing parcel, and the fortune-teller told them "that as the parcel was lost, it could not be helped," at the same time suggesting them to communicate with the owner, and inform her of the fact at once. Miss Arnott undertook to do this, and she (the prisoner) heard no more of the affair, although she could not help thinking from Betsy Arnott's indifference to the loss, that the note had not been come by honestly. She suspected, in fact, that Arnott, who had been continually backwards and forwards to her place, had herself taken the parcel out of her (prisoner's) box, and changed it. Arnott borrowed her bonnet about that time, and she had no doubt now that this was used as a disguise.

"J. DANCEZ."—P.S. I have not shown much affection to you as yet, but I hope you will please to forgive me, that I may see you soon, and I shall see those who I love."

The girl referred to, Betsy Arnott, was the daughter of the barge-keeper at whose place the prosecutor left his key on the night of the robbery. She was present, and said that the prisoner's statement was an entire fabrication. The prisoner formerly lived with witness's parents, at the South Lodge, as a servant, and although she had left before the night of the robbery, she was occasionally in the habit of calling secretly to see witness, whose father had forbidden her the house. Witness knew nothing whatever of any note, and had never given the prisoner a parole to take care of.

The magistrate remanded the prisoner, in order that this mysterious case might be more strictly investigated.

**FRAZAS AT CREMORNE GARDENS.**—M. Herman Von Dittmar, formerly a lieutenant in the German Legion, is charged with an assault upon Major Yates, of the 1st Regiment of the same corps, at Cremorne Gardens, on Tuesday night.

It appeared from the testimony of the various witnesses, that while he was in the German Legion, a court of inquiry had been held upon the defendant, for disrespectful conduct to the Major, who was his superior officer, and that he had been reprimanded before all the officers for his unbecoming behaviour. A few weeks ago he left the service, and nothing was seen of him until Tuesday night, when he came, and the assault complained of, and which it was evident was pre-meditated.

The Major was sauntering about the gardens, looking at the dancing, when he heard the defendant exclaim, "I have him," and at the same instant the Major received a violent blow with a heavy stick on the shoulder, followed up by a second on his head, both of which were inflicted by the defendant. The Major called the police, but they said they could not interfere, and he then went to the nearest police station at Chelsea, where the inspector on duty gave him the same answer, and he subsequently applied for a warrant at the Westminster police court. A small bone was broken in the Major's arm, and he was confined for three or four days to his room, and it is not expected he will recover for some time. After the defendant had committed the assault on the Major, he turned to another officer of the German Legion who was in the gardens, and said, "Tell them at Aldershot I kept my word. I thrashed the Major."

The Magistrate said he could not understand on what ground the constables at Cremorne had refused to take the charge. This was the very description of assault in which £20 were demanded. The poor creature had roughly exhausted all resources in scraping together £10. Instead of sending the woman off, or refusing to take a matter in which he had no jurisdiction, A'dern Finsis listened patiently to her tale, and finding the commanding officer of the regiment was at the Wight (whither the Alderman was about to proceed)

to see him on Saturday and intercede in her favour. There is something more than merely crenelated in this. Nothing tends more to the censure of a state than for the poor and the weak to be obliged to put themselves at once into personal communication with those who have position and power to assist them. It is worthy of remark that the policemen-traitors of late appear inclined to use their powers for something beyond the mere repression of crime, and that their advice, if not their more malignant assistance, is usually at the service of those whose social position affords them no opportunity of any criminality.

Sir Peter Laurie, who, like many other plain men, had stumbled on a shrewd practical idea, has resorted to the alarming increase in England of foreign visitors. There is no small ground for suspicion in the facts mentioned by Sir Peter, and it is improbable that at no distant period the matter will call for the serious consideration of the press. As for that of the Parliament, it could scarcely be hoped for, even were our legislators not at present rusticated in annual torpidity.

**A WOMAN SHOT BY HER LOVER—SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.**

The daughter of Mr. Thomas Barr, landlord of the Seven Stars inn, Dudley, has been shot by her sweetheart.

It appears that about twelve months back, a young man, named Dance, was employed by his uncle, Mr. Barr, as brewer, &c., at which time he formed an attachment to his cousin, Miss Ann Barr. On the attachment being discovered, and Dance being of unsteady and irregular habits, he was sent away from his situation. He afterwards used occasionally to visit the house, and pay marked attention to Miss Barr. It is said, however, that she, as well as her parents, discouraged his pretensions, and that this caused him such excitement of mind, that upon several occasions, he has been known to threaten to take her life. These threats were, however, disregarded. On Saturday night, he came to the house about ten o'clock, and was observed to be rather tipsy. He had something to drink, and was ordered by Mr. and Mrs. Barr to leave the house. He was also requested to go by Miss Barr, and on leaving, he remarked to the latter that she should not order him out the next time he came. He then appears to have proceeded to his father's house, where he stayed for some time, but about eleven o'clock he started off in the direction of his uncle's house. About twelve o'clock, the front door of Mr. Barr's house was closed, and Miss Barr and her mother were engaged about the house, when on a sudden Dance entered by the back door, and walked up to Miss Barr, who was then going along the passage leading from a back room to the bar. Pulling a pistol from his pocket, he fired it at Miss Barr, the shot taking effect in her neck and lower jaw. She at once fell to the ground fearfully wounded, and in a state of insensibility. In another moment a second shot was heard, and the unfortunate young man lay dead upon the floor by the side of his intended victim. He had placed the pistol close to his left ear, the shot penetrating the brain. A pair of small pocket-pistols that were, with which the awful deed of blood had been perpetrated, were found upon the floor. A surgeon was at once sent for, and dressed the wounds which had been inflicted upon Miss Barr. She was still alive, but there was scarcely a hope of her ultimate recovery. She was wholly incapable of articulation, but sensible, and wrote down some sentences on a slate addressed to her father.

The prosecutor, in answer to the charge, made the following extraordinary statement. After denying that she had ever paid the note at all, as described by Miss Barr, she said that in April or May last, a young acquaintance of hers, named Betsy Arnott, brought her a small parcel, containing a lace handkerchief, which had been presented to her by a young man in the Temple Gardens, and which she wanted the prisoner to take care of for her. She accordingly put the parcel in a box in her bed-room, where it remained about a month, and then she missed it. She mentioned this circumstance at once to Miss Arnott, who seemed much disengaged about it at first, and said that there was a £20 note in the parcel, which had been entrusted to her by a friend, a young man who had since gone to Paris. A few days afterwards, they agreed to go together to a fortune-telling woman living in Brydges Street, to consult her about the missing parcel, and the fortune-teller told them "that as the parcel was lost, it could not be helped," at the same time suggesting them to communicate with the owner, and inform her of the fact at once. Miss Arnott undertook to do this, and she (the prisoner) heard no more of the affair, although she could not help thinking from Betsy Arnott's indifference to the loss, that the note had not been come by honestly. She suspected, in fact, that Arnott, who had been continually backwards and forwards to her place, had herself taken the parcel out of her (prisoner's) box, and changed it. Arnott borrowed her bonnet about that

**BOY'S OWN JOURNAL.**  
BOY'S OWN JOURNAL, PART III., is just  
Published, price 6d. The Three Parts now ready of the  
Boy's Own Journal contain 150 admirable articles. Will be sent  
Post free for 1s. 6d.  
London : S. O. BEETON, 18, Bouvierie Street.

ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGA-

ZINE. The Number for September contains the Names and  
Addresses of 251 Ladies and Gentlemen who have received the  
presents, amounting to 450 Guineas.  
London : S. O. BEETON, 18, Bouvierie Street.

NEW CHEAP EDITIONS NOW READY.  
**TWENTY YEARS AFTER.** By DUMAS.  
(A Sequel to "The Three Musketeers.") Price 2s.  
**MARYAT'S PACHA OF MANY TALES.** (is. 6d.)  
**ALBERT SMITH'S ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY.** (2s.)  
**CHARLES LEVER'S TIGER HUNTING.** (2s.)  
**MAX WELLS' THE LUKE OF PERTHSHIRE.** (2s.)  
**JULIWER LYTTON'S THE CAXTONS.** (2s.)  
**JAMES GRANT'S HARRY OGILVIE.** (2s.)  
A list of 250 Vols., all suitable for Travelling or Home Reading,  
Gratis on application.  
London : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., 2, Farringdon Street.

Price 2s. each, in Ornamental Covers,

**MRS. GORE'S SKETCHES OF ENGLISH**  
CHARACTER. The best work of this fascinating Author.  
HORACE MAYTHEW'S WONDERFUL PEOPLE. Profusely  
Illustrated by the best Comic Artists.  
ANGUS REACH'S MEN OF THE HOUR. With striking  
Lithographs by celebrated Artists.  
With characteristic Cover, by a "Punch" Artist, price 1s.,  
BROAD GRINS FROM CHINA. Illustrated profusely by  
LEECH.  
London : WARD and LOCK, 138, Fleet Street.

**PALMER'S PRIVATE DIARY.** complete from  
January 1, 1851, to the hour of his committal, appears in the  
Life and Career of William Palmer, as a Schoolboy, Medical  
Student, Racing Man, and Poisoner. Illustrated with Views,  
Portraits, and Representations of the Chief Incidents. Nearly  
One Hundred Engravings. Price 1s. WARD & LOCK, 138, Fleet  
Street, London. N.B.—That portion of Palmer's Diary which re-  
lates to Cook's murder is done in fac simile.

In a few days, Price 6d. (Cheap Edition), a Poem, entitled  
**THE MILLENION ; OR, THE JUDGMENT**  
OF ANTI-CHRIST.

WERTHEIM and MACKINTOSH, 24, Paternoster Row.

Also, BIBLE and PRAYER-BOOK REVISIONS, a Tract for the Times.

SUPER ROYAL 8vo, 20 Plates, 8s. Cloth. Just Published, dedicated  
(by permission) to the Right Hon. Lord Panmure, K. T. G. C. B.,  
Principal Secretary of State for the Department of War.

**THE ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF MILI-**

TARY ENGINEERING, AND OF THE IMPLEMENTS OF  
WAR.

By R. FORREST, Woolwich.

London : Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen, 6, Gate Street,  
Lincoln's Inn, and all Booksellers.

This day, Price Threepence, or, Post Free, 4d. No. VII. of  
**A MANUAL OF BRITISH BUTTERFLIES AND**

**MOths.** By H. T. STANTON, Author of "June: a Book for the Country in the Year." The Authors of the Manual. Price 1s.  
London : JOHN VAN VICKEN, 1, Paternoster Row, and to be had of  
all Booksellers and News Agents.

N.B.—The Fourth Thousand of No. I. is now ready.

Just Published, DIVISION III., in handsome Wrapper, Price 1s.,  
Re-issue of

**CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATOR.**

Edited by Professor WALLACE, A.M., of the University of  
Glasgow, and Collegiate Tutor of the University of London.—

"We have gone over the pages of this great work with sentiments  
of real wonder. The execution of every portion of it is masterly.  
We have no doubt, we confidently assert, that there never  
was one like it in importance."—*Workmen's Magazine.* The success  
has been enormous: it has occupied and filled up a field of education  
vast and most important to the community.—*Dublin University  
Magazine*, August, 1856.—London : W. KENT and Co., 31 and  
32, Paternoster Row, and Sold by all Booksellers.

WORTH NOTICE.

**THE DICTIONARY APPENDIX,**  
with upwards of 7,000 words not found in the Dictionary,  
comprising the Particulars of the Verbs, which perplex all writers.  
No person that writes a letter should be without this work. Price  
4s. Free by Post. J. F. SHAW, 36, Paternoster Row.

USEFUL BOOKS, INDISPENSABLE TO ALL.

Sixth thousand, price 2s. 6d. cloth, free by post.

**INDISPENSABLE—LIVE and LEARN :** a Guide  
for all who wish to Speak and Write Correctly.—"Live and  
Learn" is an excellent book to look upon as it really indispens-  
able. We advise our readers to imitate our example, procure the  
book, and sell it not at any price."—*Educational Gazette.*

REAL AND REFLECT.—Complete, price 2s. 6d. cloth, post free,  
**THE NEWSPAPER and GENERAL READER'S**

POCKET COMPANION: being a familiar explanation of  
nearly 4,000 classical and foreign words, phrases, and quotations,  
of constant recurrence in the various journals, periodicals, and  
publications of the day. By the Author of "Live and Learn." Part  
I, price 1s.; Part II, price 1s. 6d.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.—Price 6d., by post, 7s.

**MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE** in  
Speaking, Writing, and Pronunciation CORRECTED. Old  
and young, educated and uneducated, may consult this small work  
with advantage. Selling by thousands.

HINTS FOR LEARNERS.—Price 1s. cloth, free by post.

**THE RIGHT WAY OF LEARNING, PRO-**  
NOUNCING, SPEAKING, TRANSLATING, & WRITING  
FRENCH CORRECTLY: pointing out the difficulties which  
puzzle the Beginner and the Scholar. New edition, revised, and  
greatly enlarged.

London : J. F. SHAW, 27, Southampton Row and Paternoster Row.

**WILLIAM TEGG and CO.'S CATALOGUE** of  
STANDARD WORKS, in various departments of Literature,  
sent free by post, by letter addressed to 85, Queen Street,  
Cheapside.

**NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS.**—All the best  
NEW WORKS may be had in succession from MUDIE'S  
SELECT LIBRARY, and every subscriber of one guinea per annum.  
The preference is given to English Authors. Biography, Religion,  
Philosophy, and Travel. The best works of French are also freely  
added. Book Societies and Literary Institutions supplied with general  
terms. Prospects may be obtained on application. C. B. MUDIE,  
26, Cross Street, Manchester, and 510, New Oxford Street, London.

Just Published, Thirteenth Edition, 8vo, bound, price 16s. Post free,

**HOMOEOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE.**

By J. LAURIE, M.D. Devoid of all technicality. No medi-  
cine is prescribed without the indications for its selection, and the  
exact dose to be administered. An excellent work for families, em-  
igrants, and missionaries. A Medicine Chest for this Work, price 5s.

An EPITOME of the ABOVE. Price 5s. A Guide to those  
commencing that treatment in family practice. A Medicine Chest  
for this Work, price 3s. Free on receipt of Post Office Order.

New Edition, enlarged, 32mo, bound, price 1s., free by Post.

**HOMOEOPATHIC FAMILY GUIDE:** containing simple  
directions for the domestic treatment of ordinary ailments. A Chest of  
Medicines for this Work, price 3s.

Just Published, price 1s., free by Post.

**HOMOEOPATHY: GENERAL COMPLAINTS:** their Treatment  
with Twelve Medicines. A Chest of Medicines, price 12s.

JAMES LEATH, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere St., Oxford St.

MR. VERRALL ON THE SPINE.

Fifth Edition, price 1s. 6d.; by post, 2s.

**LATERAL CURVATURE of the SPINE,** with  
a new method of treatment for securing its effectual removal  
without the necessity of constantly lying down. By CHARLES  
VERRALL, Esq., Surgeon to the Spinal Hospital, London, author  
of the "Spine, its Curvatures, and other Diseases," &c. &c.  
London : JOHN CHURCHILL, New Burlington Street, and all  
Booksellers.

Second edition, just published.

**SPECTACLES: When to Wear and How to Use**  
Them. Addressed to those who value their sight. By  
CHARLES A. LONG.

Published by BLAND and LONG, Opticians, 153, Fleet Street, Lon-  
don. Sent free by post for six postage stamps.

**THE GUINEA FAMILY BIBLE.** Large Type,  
with References and Family Register, is bound in the best  
Turkey morocco, and is to be had only at

T. DEAN and SON'S BIBLE Warehouse, 31, Ludgate Hill, three  
doors west of Old Bailey, where every description of Bible,  
Prayer Book, and Church Service can be obtained, from the least  
expensive to the most costly.

Cheap Bibles, Prayer Books, and Books and Prints for Book and  
Hawking Societies and for distribution.

DEAN and SON'S Printers, Book and Print Publishers, and Wedding  
Stationers, 31, Ludgate Hill, 3 doors west of Old Bailey.

FIELD'S NEW WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, and  
CHRISTENING PRESENTS.—A beautiful LEATHER CLOTH  
BIBLE, with Prayer Book and Maps, in one vol., splendidly  
bound in antique morocco, with best gilt rims and clasp, 21s.; elegant  
Church Services, in best velvet or morocco, 10s. 6d.; superb Family  
Bibles, with fine plates, best morocco, 21s.; Reference Bibles,  
with rims and clasp, 10s. 6d.; 100,000 varieties for choice, from 1s. to 10  
guineas. At FIELD'S GREAT BIBLICAL WAREHOUSE, 65, Regent  
Street, the largest stock of juvenile books in London.

### JULLIEN and CO.'S CORNET-à-PISTONS.

Approved and tried by HERR KENIG.

No. 1.—The Drawing room Cornet-à-Pistons (by Coutois),  
used by Herr Koenig.

2.—The Concert Cornet-à-Pistons (by Coutois), used by Herr

Koenig. M. Jullien's Concerts . . . . . 8s 0 0

3.—The Military Cornet-à-Pistons . . . . . 6s 0 0

4.—The Amateur Cornet-à-Pistons . . . . . 5s 5 0

5.—The Navy Cornet-à-Pistons . . . . . 4s 0 0

6.—The Ordinary Cornet-à-Pistons (First quality) . . . . . 3s 0 0

7.—The Ordinary ditto (Second quality) . . . . . 2s 0 0

List of Prices, with Drawings of the Instruments, may be had on  
application.—JULLIEN and Co., 214, Regent Street.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN  
BARGE, MUSLIN, AND BALZARINE DRESSES,  
SUMMER SUITS, HALF PRICE.

Bargains in Paisaols, Kilbans, and Fancy Goods.

PETER ROBINSON, 103, 105, 106, and 107, Oxford Street.

### CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN  
BARGE, MUSLIN, AND BALZARINE DRESSES,

SUMMER SUITS, HALF PRICE.

Bargains in Paisaols, Kilbans, and Fancy Goods.

PETER ROBINSON, 103, 105, 106, and 107, Oxford Street.

EMBROIDERY.—Elegant designs, marked and  
perforated on the best muslin. The largest and cheapest  
assortment in the kingdom of Collars, Sleeves, Habit Shirts,  
Handkerchiefs, Flounceings, &c. Ladies and Children's  
Dresses, JACKETS, CAPEs, PELISEs, &c., marked for Embroidery or  
Braiding. A collar (Broderie Anglais, or guipure), and List of  
Prices, sent free for five stamps. The Trade supplied. Mrs.  
WILCOCKSON, 44, Gooche Street, Tottenham Court Road.

MARION'S RESILIENT BODICE and COR-

SALETTI DI MEDICI recommended by physicians and  
surgeons in attendance on her Majesty, and adopted in their own

families; combine firmness with elasticity, fit closely, fasten easily

in front, and are adapted for every age and figure. Volumes of

notes of approval attest the high estimation of ladies who wear

them. Prospectus post free. Ladies in town waited on to appoint

ment. Madames MARION & MAITLAND, Patentees, 238, Oxford St.

10,000 STEREOGRAPHIC GROUPS and  
VIEWS.

Military, Social, Domestic, and Amusing, in endless variety.

Stereoscope Pictures from 1s. to 3s. each, some exquisitely coloured

Mahogany Stereoscopes, 3d. 6d., to 2s.

THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY,  
54, Cheapside (in two Doors West of Bow Church), and  
313, Oxford Street (Corner of Hanover Square).

A beautiful selection sent for remittance of One Pound.

MICROSCOPES.—J. AMADIO'S BOTANI-

CAL MICROSCOPES, packed in mahogany case, with three

Powers, Condenser, Pincers, and two Slides, will show the Animal

culp in water. Price 1s. 6d. Address, JOSÉPH ARMAND, 7, Long

morton Street. A large assortment of Achromatic Microscopes

DEAFNESS.—S. and B. SOLOMONS, Opticians,  
39, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, opposite the York Hotel.

The Organic Vibrator, an extraordinarily powerful small instrument  
invented for Deafness, entirely different from all others, to surpass anything of the kind that has been, or probably ever  
can be produced: being of the same colour as the skin, not perceptible.

It enables deaf persons to enjoy general conversation to hear distinctly at church and at public assemblies; the unpleasant

sensation of singing notes in the ears is entirely removed, and it affords all the assistance that possibly could be desired.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY, without Shock or  
Pain.—PULVERMACHEUR'S PATENT HYDRO-ELEC-

TRIC CHAIN, for personal use. A prompt and unfailing remedy  
for Rheumatic affections, Gout, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all nervous  
and muscular diseases. Is the only Electro-medical invention  
rewarded by the Universal Exhibitions and approved by the  
Academie de Medecine, Paris. Thousands of cures testify its un-  
failing efficacy. Chains, 4s. 6d. upwards. Can only be obtained at  
J. L. PULVERMACHEUR and Co's Inventors, 18, Leadenhall Street,  
and at G. JOSEPH, 49, Haymarket; BETLER and HARDING, Chancery  
Court; and HANNAY and Co., 63, Oxford Street, London.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM,  
4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—Open (for Gentlemen only)  
from Ten to Ten at Night. Containing upwards of 1,000 Models and  
Preparations illustrating every part of the human frame in health  
and disease, the race of man, &c. Lectures delivered at Twelve  
Two, and at Half past Seven, by Dr. SEXTON; and a new one by  
Dr. KAHN, at Four p.m., precisely. Admission, Is.

MILLS'S CORRECT WATCHES are unequalled

for durability, accuracy of performance, and low price.

All are warranted, and kept in order, free, for one year.

Gold Watches, cylinder escapements, jewelled, gold bands . . . . . £1 10s.

Ditto, ditto (superior quality) . . . . . £1 10s. 10s. to 10s.

Ditto, patent lever escapements . . . . . 6s. 10s. to 10s.

Ditto, ditto (best London make) . . . . . 12s. 0 0. 21s. 0 0.

Silver Watches, cylinder escapements, jewelled . . . . . 2s. 0 0.

Ditto, ditto (superior quality) . . . . . 3s. 0 0. 4s. 0 0.

Ditto, patent lever escapements, jewelled . . . . . 4s. 0 0. 7s. 7s.

An extensive stock of Fine Gold Guards and Alaberts, Diamond  
and other Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, &c., and all the newest style.

An Illustrated Book of Designs, with prices, sent gratis.

Any of the above sent free on receiving Post Office orders, payable to  
H. MILLS, 171, Oxford Street, London.

MOORE'S LEVER WATCHES, made on the

premises, £5 8s., £6 6s., £7 7s., Gold do., £10. Gold Hor-  
izontals, £3 10s. Silver do., £2 2s. Levers, 10 holes Jewelled, £3 10s.

warranted, 37, Holborn Hill. Elucidation of Lever Watch, gratis.

HALF-A-CROWN A POUND is now the price

of good CONGO TEA, in 6lb. bags, at the warehouses of the

East India Tea Company. Good coffee in the berry, at 1s. per  
lb.—9, Great St. Helen's, City.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST TEAS in ENG-

LAND are Sold by PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants,

8, King William Street, City, London. A general Price Current is

published every month, containing all the advantages of the Lon-  
don Markets and is sent free on application. Sugars are

supplied at Market Prices.

BORDEAUX BRANDY, Pale or Brown, equal

to the finest Cognac brands. One Dozen Cases as imported,  
at 4s., delivered free to all the railway stations, on receipt of Post  
Office Order, or other remittance, payable at the Philpot Post  
Office, to the Consignee, W. J. HOLLEBONE and SON, Wine and  
Spirit Importers, Halkin Wharf, Pimlico.